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Truce Still in the Balance

THIS week the Commons have rightly been immersed in sultry debate on the bombing of the Yalu power plant. Unexpectedly the news from Panmunjon suggests that the truce talks remain at their critical but—at least until the bombing—hopeful stage. It was too early yet to say whether the formula presented to the Communist delegates would resolve the deadlock on prisoner repatriation. But we gather that its chances of acceptance had been increased by China's acquiescence in the supervision of repatriation by the Four-Power neutral commission, whose establishment had already been agreed upon by both sides. What is significant is that it contained a substantial concession to common sense and is obviously designed to "save face" on both sides without violating the principle that the politically endangered prisoner should be granted asylum.

As we reminded our readers last week, Mr. Truman and Mr. Acheson, whatever their Generals may want, are genuinely seeking a truce. The new attempt to break the deadlock had begun a few days before the attack on the power plant and was a direct result of the Indian offer to mediate. No wonder Mr. Nehru bluntly stated that he was aghast at the news of the raid. Despite all the explanations it seems almost incredible that Washington should have sanctioned this provocation. Considering he rates them "lower than barbarians," Mr. Acheson assumes a remarkable degree of self-discipline in the Chinese.

Mr. Foot was right in the debate to explode the fallacy that during the truce talks it has been the U.N. negotiators who have shown all the patience and made all the concessions. The truth is that both sides have moved a very long way from their original position, have had bouts of stark intransigeance and have used the time they gained for strengthening their military position against the contingency that the talks broke down. The reason why they have never broken down is clear enough. A resumption of full-scale fighting would almost certainly mean the spread of the war, and this is something of which Washington, Peking, London—and Moscow—are all, for different reasons, scared. They all need a truce—even if serious peace negotiations must await a new American President. The truce therefore will be signed on one condition, that no one loses his nerve and "gets tough" again at the critical stage.

Meanwhile the Yalu incident, which has caused an explosion of anti-British resentment in America nearly as violent as the anti-American reactions here, can be turned to a useful purpose if it forces the politicians on both sides of the Atlantic to reconsider their preconceptions about Anglo-American relations. In his speech on Wednesday, the Prime Minister singled out this journal for attack. Rebuking us for our suggestion that "Mr. Truman should be told that unless, as Commander-in-Chief, he imposes his policy on his subordinates, and puts a stop to the provocative rearmament of Chiang Kai-shek on Formosa, Britain will withdraw her troops from Korea," Mr. Churchill argued that such statements would encourage the Isolationists to withdraw American troops from Europe and concentrate on the China war. He added:

> We in this country are all convinced that it would be a great mistake, with Europe in its present condition, for the United Nations or the United States, which is their champion, to be involved in a war with a Communist Government inside China.

This reflects the general British views as little as it serves the cause of peace. It is not simply because we need American troops in Europe that we object to an American war of intervention in China; nor are we impressed by the argument that the U.S. will withdraw from Europe just because some of us tell the Americans not to count on British support however reckless their behaviour. Mr. Churchill is still oblivious to the revolution which is taking place inside and outside the Commonwealth. In the last resort Britain's status in world politics and consequently her value as a partner to the U.S. resides in her leadership of a Commonwealth which unites White men, Africans and Asians. To condone American actions which would alienate the Indian peoples and destroy the Commonwealth and drive Asia towards Communism would be equally a disservice to Anglo-American relations and to world peace.

The Crisis in Egypt

The causes of the fall of Hilaly Pasha's Government are obscure. One theory is that he was a victim of Egypt's growing economic difficulties—notably the heavy unsold stocks of high-cost cotton—and that his efforts to clean up corruption had brought him into opposition with powerful forces both in the administration and in commercial life. Alternatively, it is suggested that Hilaly's delay in lifting martial law and his apparent determination to revise the electoral law before holding the promised October elections had cost him the support even of the Opposition parties against the increasingly embittered Wafd. In all such explanations there may be an element of truth, though we find it hard to credit the reports that the U.S. Embassy in Cairo has been taking sides against Hilaly on the Wafd's behalf. Greater weight, we fancy, should be given to the effect on the King of Hilaly's failure to secure any sort of agreement with the Sudanese representatives in the loudly heralded Cairo talks. It is at least a plausible theory that the King dismissed Hilaly either for his inability to persuade the Sudanese to accept "token" Egyptian sovereignty, or because the late Premier, taking a realistic view of the adamant attitude of the Sudan, wanted to propose a compromise which, to the Palace, smacked of treason.

Prices and Wages

The Commons debate on living costs elicited one fact hitherto not generally appreciated: in the current fiscal year, expenditure on food subsidies will be reduced from £410m. to £310m., and not, as many concluded from the Chancellor's Budget speech, to £250m.—a "rate" which will not be reached until next March. This means that the Government clearly hopes that by tapering the rise in the cost of living attributable directly to the subsidy cuts, it may be possible to stall off the current big wage demands now lodged by miners, engineers and shipyard workers, in addition to railwaymen and others. It is questionable whether such hopes will be realised. The Minister of Food admitted on Monday that (taking 1947 as 100) the cost-of-living index stood in May at 135, against 129 for average wage rates. Even these figures, however, understate the fall in working-class standards of living. Between January and May, this year, food costs, retail, rose by 4.4 per cent; but this was before the latest increases in the price of tea, meat and milk. Moreover, the cost of food—even if luxuries such as coffee are entirely excluded—is now so high in relation to wages over large sectors of industry that it seems almost certain that the weighting given for food in the retail price index (40 per cent.) is much too low.

Steel Expansion

Acting presumably on the assumption that steel will be denationalised, the Iron and Steel Federation has announced that it is completing the preparatory work for a second post-war Development Plan. This is being formulated on the basis of an increase in steel production to at least 20 million ingot tons a year, and of pig iron production to 15 million tons a year—ambitious figures whose achievement is bound to depend on the availability of raw materials as well as expansion of plant. The Federation recognises this, but says that new sources of ore supply are being developed, new shipping built for the purpose, and assurances sought from the National Coal Board that coal for coking can be augmented by 7 million tons a year. Significantly, the Federation has nothing to say about scrap, whose prospective supplies are hardly likely to regain the volume available in the years immediately following the war. There is, of course, a case for expanding Britain's steel-making potential; but, unless these sanguine estimates of future raw material supplies are substantiated, the heavy capital investment involved might well be directed more to improving efficiency of plant and concentrated possibly on the higher grades of steel.

Libel and the Law

In a race against the clock, Mr. Harold Lever's Defamation Bill nearly lost its third reading in the Commons last Friday owing to doubts still felt by Sir Lynn Ungoed-Thomas and others lest Clause 5 might open the door too wide for careless and injurious statements about people in the press. As it stands, the Clause provides that a defence of justification shall not fail by reason only that the truth of *every* charge is not proved "if the words not proved to be true do not materially injure the plaintiff's reputation having regard to the truth of the remaining charges." The intention, of course, is that a plaintiff, for instance, in a libel action who was accused correctly, in the Court's judgment, of swindling the public in London, Liverpool and Glasgow, shall not succeed simply because the defendant newspaper had incorrectly stated that the fraudulent transactions extended also to Inverness. In the end, the House decided—rightly in our view—that the Clause should stand; and the Bill, shorn of a Clause dealing with group libel—a difficult and controversial question—was despatched to the Lords.

"Fixing" African Federation

A Correspondent writes: The plot thickens in Central Africa. The next important date is October 3, when the "final conference" on the draft proposals for federation that were published a fortnight ago will be discussed at the Victoria Falls. Frantic efforts are being made in the meantime, both through official and private and even missionary channels, to win over at least some part of African opinion. There is no sign at the moment that these efforts are having, or are likely to have, any success. But the difficulties are not only with the Africans. Surprisingly enough, a majority of White settlers in Southern Rhodesia is also against the proposals—on the strange ground that they "gave away" too much to the Africans, and open the way for "Gold Coastism" in the two Northern territories, Northern Rhodesia and Nyasaland. At the moment, it seems, a majority of Southern Rhodesia settlers would prefer "going into the Union of South Africa" than going into federation. Sir Godfrey Huggins must change this in one way or another if federation is to be carried through, since the interested Governments are pledged to hold a referendum of White opinion in Southern Rhodesia.

It would be rash to conclude that "federation" will fail in face of all these difficulties. Powerful interests are behind it. These include all the important mining companies—with their head offices already transferred, or in course of transference, from London to Central Africa—as well as such important corporations as the British South Africa Company and Tanganyika Concessions. There is indeed a close tie-up between all these interests, and they are manifestly working together for a federation which should give their economic powers the guarantee of continued legislative sanction. In battles with the settlers in the past, these great interests have been accustomed to get their own way; evidently they look for no less to-day. They have the British Tories solidly behind them; and the Opposition will need to have its wits about it, and to speak plainly and severely, if federation is to be stopped.

Fresh efforts are also being made to persuade the British electorate that all will be well for the Africans in the event of federation. That section of White opinion in Southern Rhodesia which supports federation has now evolved a so-called "Declaration of Salisbury" in which the vague idea of "racial partnership" is apparently set forth in glowing terms. Both Sir Godfrey Huggins and Mr. Lyttelton are believed to have signed this "Declaration"; and the present plan is to publish it, simultaneously in London and Salisbury, in the middle of July.

WESTMINSTER

Debate Behind Debate

Our Parliamentary Correspondent writes: The Opposition is out of luck with its votes of censure. Once again (last Tuesday's Korean debate was the third time) a foreign policy censure motion has been effectively seen off by the Prime Minister, single-handed. It must not be thought that Mr. Churchill uses these occasions for too much serious discussion of world affairs. His technique of reply, now becoming standardised, is to felicitate the Opposition front-bench spokesman on the manner and matter of his speech, with almost all of which, of course, he agrees; to point out that it is scarcely a vote of censure since there has been no change of policy between the two Governments; to explain, with a generous mask of understanding, that he appreciates his predecessor's dilemma of having to join battle either reluctantly with the Government or disastrously with Mr. Bevan; and to agree good-temperedly to divide the House at the end, out of sympathy with Mr. Attlee's choice of a battle-charade across the floor of the House, rather than a fight to the death in the Labour Party's private meeting. From a Parliamentary point of view, it is all very jolly and effective, for Mr. Churchill is a master of frivolous debate. He is also a very shrewd politician who realises that what is said in public on these occasions is of relatively minor importance, and that his best interest is to use his talents to widen the breaches in the Labour Party.

The real debate on foreign policy thus takes place in the semi-privacy of the Labour Party meeting; and what is known of the discussions on the Yalu bombing is a good example of the position and strength of the rival groups. The official leadership was apparently slow in its initial reaction to the situation. For the first public intimation of Opposition anxiety was a private notice question on Tuesday of last week from that back-bench mosquito, Mr. Sydney Silverman. Next day the matter was raised in full debate on the Ministry of Defence estimate and there was general expectation of an important vote. The Parliamentary Committee (which, subject to the full Party meeting, governs Labour tactics) decided against this after, it is alleged, sharp debate and a fairly close vote—a decision

which astonished most M.P.s of all parties. The alternative, approved by a further Party meeting, was to be a full dress motion of censure, to be debated this week. Whether the motion eventually put down was drafted by the full Parliamentary Committee, or by Mr. Attlee and Mr. Morrison alone, is not clear. What is certain is that the mildness of its terms, which concentrated almost entirely on the narrow point of Anglo-American consultation, did not satisfy a large number of those who were obliged to vote for it. The matter was thrashed out at this week's Party meeting, immediately before Tuesday's debate. Mr. Bevan allowed it to be known that he had put down a resolution deploring the terms of the censure motion and alleging that they contravened the decisions taken by the Party at its previous meeting. The debate on this seems to have been acrimonious and lengthy; and the resolution was treated by the leadership as a vote of censure on Mr. Attlee. The figures of the voting are interesting; 101 for Mr. Attlee, 52 against. Most revealing of all, estimates of the number of those who were present, but deliberately abstained from voting, vary from 40 to 60. Mr. Bevan's argument must have made a considerable impression on the Party.

It would be wrong to assume that all those who did not come to Mr. Attlee's rescue are proclaimed Bevanites; but this episode is regarded by Mr. Bevan's followers as the most effective demonstration they have yet staged. Judging from this and from the warm reception given by the Labour benches to Mr. Foot when in the big debate he put the Bevanite point of view, Mr. Bevan may feel that for the first time he is beginning to make ground among those of his Parliamentary colleagues who have previously been strictly neutral. Certainly the ignominious fate of yet another censure motion was widely held to have justified the case against it.

PARIS

Cross-Roads Ahead

A Correspondent in Paris writes: The Yalu River bombings have widened an already wide impression in Paris that the Americans are out for an extension of the war in the Far East. The Socialists were prompt to make a protest which almost certainly expressed the feelings of the Centre parties. And it was not a Communist or philo-Communist paper which asserted last weekend that the Yalu bombings were intended to set off a chain reaction that would involve the reluctant allies of the U.S. irrevocably in war with China. On this view the bombings were intended to provoke the Chinese into intercepting with strong fighter forces. The resulting battle in the air would then be held to justify the mass bombing of Chinese bases in Manchuria. This in turn would bring Chinese reprisals—and the war with China would have begun. As it was, the Chinese air force failed to intervene—and the provocation failed.

Even more than events in the Far East, however, it is German rearmament which bites deeply into French acceptance of policies dictated in Washington, and begins now to unite liberals and Leftists who have spent much of the last few years fighting one another. The latest issue of *Défense de la Paix*, a monthly journal directed with skill and restraint by Pierre Cot and Claude Morgan, contains a remarkable attack on German rearmament by Jean Fabiani, the indisputably anti-Communist editor of *Combat*, subtitled "Hitler Miscalculated Only by Seven Years." His article—and the fact of its appearance—makes it clear that Fabiani is one of a growing number prepared to make common cause with all who really oppose German rearmament. "The inelectable consequences of Atlantic policy are now coming clear," Fabiani writes. "In the beginning, only a few far-seeing people denounced its evils and the idea of a crusade against the U.S.S.R. that was so poorly camouflaged by that [N.A.T.O.] policy's defensive character. In 1952, the doubt remains no longer."

All the same, the Pinay Government looks like staggering along until the autumn. It has received a damaging blow in the court decision that M. Duclos (now released) was not guilty of *flagrant délit* in the anti-Ridgway riots; and many think that the Minister of the Interior should logically design. But France is thinking about her summer holidays for the moment; and politics have been crowded off the front page of newspapers by happenings as pleasant as the good weather and the fortunes of the cyclists' annual Tour de France. Like Europeans elsewhere, the French in any case have learned to live with their crisis—rather in the manner that amiable lunatics learn to live with their lunacy—and its constant nudgings are taken with a good grace. Even so, many find it hard to see what can happen next in the field of Cabinet-making. Centre Governments which are really Right-wing Governments have had their day—both because the problems they have failed to solve have now grown too great to be camouflaged any longer behind bold words, and because the men who might lead such Governments have all exhausted their political credit. There remain a few "uncompromised combinations"; but these look so weak that the field tends to be overawed by the two great alternatives—a Government which will assert French independence *vis-à-vis* the United States, genuinely try for peace with the Soviet Union and a reduction in armaments, bring the war in Indo-China to a close and revive liberal policies in the French oversea territories, or, instead of that, a Government which will surrender still further to Washington and so, infallibly with things as they are, set about suppressing others besides the French Communist Party. That France will in fact be reduced to these two alternatives by next autumn was argued cogently by Claude Bourdet in last week's *Observateur*. By the autumn, he said, "by whatever route we take, we shall get to the same cross-roads. France will then take the road to democracy, peace, and real progress. Or France will take the road to oppression, civil war, and war itself."

WASHINGTON

"Snafu" in State

Our Washington Correspondent writes: "Midsummer Madness" was the comment of Professor Owen Lattimore when he heard that American Customs officials had been warned by the State Department to prevent him from leaving the country and heading for Moscow. He protested that he had no plans to visit Russia, and had not applied for a passport. The State Department, when pressed, said that it had received a report from an official security source that Lattimore was planning to leave. It now turns out that a man working for the Central Intelligence Agency had been told at a party by a tipsy travel agent that he had posted Lattimore airline tickets for London, Paris and Moscow by registered mail. According to the Federal Bureau of Investigation, the informant has admitted that his story was completely false. He has been committed for trial and the State Department has apologised to Professor Lattimore.

The travel agent, a young man who was born in Finland and still has relatives there, said that he had been giving information to the Central Intelligence Agency for two years, without pay. He seemed to be astonished that what he considered his confidential relationship with the C.I.A. had been broken. "Whether the charge against me is true or false is beside the point," he said, "but I think the Government is wrong to indict me. Few people will risk their necks giving information to the Government now. Such information should always be confidential and proved true or false. I understand what comes to me. It's my family I'm worried about now."

He did not seem to be at all worried by the effects of his malicious inventions on Mr. Lattimore, who is having a difficult enough time living down the allegations of Senator McCarthy—none of which stood up when investigated by a special Senate Committee—and who has been having to undergo a second round of investigation, this time at the more unfriendly hands of the Senate Internal Security Committee headed by Senator McCarran. No doubt some of this handful of mud will stick, though many newspapers have done what they can to expose the fraud. Lattimore himself paid tribute to the work of the F.B.I. and the press, and said he hoped "that this fantastic case will make clear to the American people what I know from long and bitter experience: namely, that there are both amateurs and professionals at work in our country blasting the reputations of innocent people and undermining our democratic values.

"The C.I.A. must be taught that it is an agency of democratic government and not the secret police of a totalitarian State," Lattimore went on. "The State Department must be taught that a citizen of the United States may not be restrained or deprived of his liberty on the basis of a false and irresponsible statement, or the scandalously irresponsible report of a so-called intelligence agency, and that its primary duty is to protect and not to destroy the rights of free Americans." Lattimore ended with a comment on the fact that the order restraining him from departing—now revoked—did not apply to any of the leaders of the American Communist Party who have been convicted of conspiracy. He said the State Department "is much more interested in the possibility of political criticism from the McCarrans and the McCarthys, who have selected me as their target, than it is in any danger that subversives like the convicted Communist leaders will leave the country."

Altogether the State Department has not been having a good time recently. The public apology to Lattimore came just after what Mr. Acheson described as the "snafu" over the Yalu bombing incident. The responsibility for not informing the British Government seems to be genuinely due to a departmental mix-up, but the State Department must take the major share of the blame. If the Suiho power plant was sufficiently ticklish a target to require special authorisation from Washington, and the Joint Chiefs thought it sufficiently ticklish to inform the State Department, the State Department ought to have taken every precaution to make certain that Britain was informed. The State Department officials are kicking themselves particularly hard because the "snafu" has undermined what they regarded as the great success of the Alexander Mission. He came back to Washington with a genuinely optimistic report on many aspects of the Korean war. He had facts and observations which the Americans believed would allay much of the criticism and anxiety in Great Britain. But the "snafu" did not leave him much chance of saying that the criticism was unfounded.

The Great Debate

WE print on this page a contribution from an "Unknown Socialist" who analyses with wit and perception the dilemma which is facing the Labour Party, and concludes—perhaps with undue pessimism—that it cannot be resolved before Labour returns to power. The article expresses what many Socialist intellectuals are feeling at present. It is, none the less, in some ways open to misinterpretation.

Labour's dilemma has grown out of the history of the British working-class movement. While the evils of capitalism were palpably oppressive and evidently irremediable by any measures which the property-owning class would accept, it was relatively easy to secure a mass following for a "Socialism" which remained for the masses undefined. Unity was achieved in support of a series of measures designed to expunge the more extreme brutalities of uncontrolled capitalism. Socialists and non-Socialists could join together, though with mixed motives, under Labour's banner to plan, fight for and, finally, implement the 1945 election programme.

The situation is now radically changed. Thanks largely to the Labour Government of 1945-50 and to the years of planning which preceded it, the Welfare State offers some promise of mitigating capitalism and providing a tolerable standard of living for the whole community. Moreover, British capitalism generally and, in particular, its political instrument, the Conservative Party, have abandoned, for reasons of self-defence, the citadel of individualism; and, within a viable Welfare State, it can be argued that the working class will always hold sufficient power to drive the owners of capital along the road of measured progress.

Why then be a Socialist? And in the light of this rosy prospect, how many, even of Labour Party members, are prepared to face the toil and hazards of fighting to establish such a nebulous conception? This dilemma follows from the assumption that there is an alternative to Socialism which can offer men peace and a due share of the rewards of their labour; that the Welfare State, in other words, reclining under the umbrella of an ever expanding American capitalism, and nursed according to the theories of J. M. Keynes, can provide without war for the material needs which in the past have spurred on the leaders of British labour. But is this true? Is there, in fact, any evidence that a capitalist world society is equipped in the long run to evade its contradictions or to abjure the greed and aggressiveness which are inherent in its basic theses? If not, then perhaps the most important task for Socialists is to expound this fallacy; and, from that point, there may be a chance to create the "new faith" which Unknown Socialist demands.

But this task is in no way the antithesis of planning. No doubt it is true that Labour need never face a future election with such a detailed catalogue of measures as was drawn up in very different circumstances for the 1945 election. But the immediate problems of to-day are real. An adverse balance of payments will not become favourable merely because a Socialist replaces a non-Socialist at the Treasury. On the contrary it is the hard task of Socialists to devise Socialist remedies for the intractable problems which must confront this country under any sort of Government. To accept, as Unknown Socialist may be taken to imply, that planning of this sort—as opposed to the long-term blueprint for the Socialist Commonwealth—cannot succeed until Labour finds itself herded into unity within the confines of office, is to learn too little from the wasted and internecine months following the 1950 election. The danger is that Labour will be hurled into power, unprepared to furnish a new momentum to the Treasury and Foreign Office machines, disunited on its basic objectives, unready, and indeed unfit, to govern.

That is why the great debate must continue; and that is why the "new faith" and the planning must march side by side. The alternative is a surrender by the Labour Party to non-Socialists and an acceptance by Socialists of the permanent status of an idealistic minority of ethical do-gooders, unable to carry their Party with them and uncertain in any event how to implement their theories.

Dilemma for Socialists

THE ideological battle about British Socialism is now fairly joined and gives promise of being a free-for-all. The New Fabian Essayists, compered by Mr. Crossman, the Fabian Lecturers and a hitherto unknown body called Socialist Union are all in it, so are all the reviewers, and a writer of middle-page articles in *The Times*—not to mention *The Times* leader-writer. Indeed everybody appears to be in it, from Mr. Attlee, who blessed the New Fabian Essayists, to Mr. Bevan, who contributes a Fabian lecture as well as a book all on his own; and it is credibly reported that at least half a dozen ex-Cabinet Ministers, from Mr. Morrison and Mr. Gaitskell to Mr. Harold Wilson, are busy writing books—as Mr. Gordon Walker, in addition to Mr. Bevan, has already done. The Co-operative Party is in it, with the policy statement which the Co-operative Union discreetly pigeon-holed. Almost the only person who is out of it appears to be Professor Cole, of whom we know no more than that, having launched the New Fabian Essayists on their course, he misliked their seamanship and jumped overboard in mid-ocean and despair.

We have described the battle as joined; but in truth the combatants are fighting much less with one another than with their own pasts. They are trying to find out much less how to get what they want than what they do want. Above all, as Mr. Kingsley Martin pointed out in his Fabian lecture, they are debating with themselves the question whether what they really want is Socialism or only an ampler and better Welfare State, and even whether there is any real difference between the two. The spectacle of the Soviet Union has scared them into a doubt whether they would really wish to see all the "means of production, distribution and exchange" centralised in the hands of the State, however formally democratic the State might be. They have come to see that the nationalisation of key industries does not of itself make nearly as much difference as they expected either to the status of the workers concerned or their attitude towards their jobs. In addition to fearing totalitarianism, they fear the coming of what is called the "managerial revolution", even in its absence, as a national prospect of vast-scale organisation. Moreover, with all this goes a very real pride in the advances actually made towards a "national minimum of civilised life"—Beatrice Webb's favourite phrase for summing up the practical policy which she wished British Socialism to pursue. Add to this a feeling of surprise that so much has been accomplished without overthrowing capitalism, and of wonder how many people really want "Socialism" if they can have welfare and economic security without it.

Indeed, as most of the commentators have pointed out, most British Socialists have swallowed Keynes whole and, whereas they want to believe that unemployment and insecurity were the necessary concomitants of capitalism, have gone over to the view that it is possible to correct the "contradictions of capitalism" by applying the correct monetary and budgetary devices, so as to maintain full employment and find the resources needed for the social services without being brought low by a failure of "business confidence." Most of them quite fail to realise that Keynesian doctrine has never been really tested in practice, and are inclined to attribute to Labour's application of it the high level of employment that has existed since 1945—which has in truth been mainly due to conditions of world-wide shortage resulting from the war. Or perhaps it would be fairer to say that some of the disputants are at length beginning to have doubts as they see the seller's market disappearing and the crisis of the balance of payments threatening to engulf the welfare services and bringing down the standard of living through sheer inability to afford enough imported supplies. These doubts, however, are still most reluctantly entertained; for it is a great deal easier and less unpleasant to discuss the next steps in a triumphant advance than to consider the possibility of having to retreat.

The debate, even if questions of international politics are set aside (and can they be?) thus covers an exceedingly wide field. The New Fabian Essayists are still mainly concerned with the mechanisms for a further advance along the lines which have been followed since 1945, with variants on the theme of nationalisation and plans for beginning to appropriate the capital, as well as surtax the incomes, of the wealthy. The anonymous draftsmen of the Socialist Union, on the other hand, are much more concerned with recalling the Labour and Socialist movement to the ethical values of its pioneers: they let loose a great deal of eloquence on this theme, and much of it is cogent and even moving—but they do not say much about how it is to be done. Surely the plain truth is that it is no longer possible to be morally indignant with capitalism in the simple, emotional way in which

Robert Blatchford and Keir Hardie and William Morris were indignant, because the facts that moved them most are no longer facts. But in default of this moral indignation, what driving force is there for the achievement of the "classless society" on which these pioneers set their hopes? There is Communist determinism, which can provide the inspiration of a sense of historic mission; but all the present disputants reject this alternative and insist that Socialism, far from being inevitable, will come only if enough men strive manfully and skilfully for it. Accordingly, some of the disputants come near to saying that the Welfare State, carried a bit farther, will be Socialism; while others, denying this, try to construct a "new model" Socialism which seems to consist of a "mixed economy" working under a system of general economic and social planning directed by a democratic State.

These confusions cannot be resolved until the Labour Party, having achieved a further lease of power when the electors have got thoroughly sick of the Tories, has perforce to make up its mind what to do. For assuredly the situation, when a new Labour Government takes office, will not be one in which it will be possible to mark time, as the party tried to do in 1950 and in 1951. A new Labour Government will have to act decisively because, unless it does, it will find itself sliding into uncontrollable inflation and quite unable to prevent either the spread of unemployment or a sharp decline in the standards of life of its own supporters. It may try out the Keynesian devices; but if they fail to work—as in an unfavourable world situation they certainly will—it will have to proceed to much more drastic measures. It will become a question, not of picking and choosing what to nationalise next, but of the necessary taking over of industries which are failing to yield the required amounts of employment and production. Investment will have to be increased and channelled into the industries most capable of providing more saleable exports and more supplies for home use. Wages will have to be rationalised, whether trade unions like it or not, and labour will have to be made to shift to where it is needed most. These things will have become conditions of national solvency—or rather the only alternatives to a return to the old remedies of deflation and the bullying of the poor by their social betters.

It will no doubt be objected that Labour will not know how to take the right steps unless it plans them carefully in advance. It will be argued that Labour achieved what it did between 1945 and 1950 because it was working on plans made over many years, and that its policy petered out in 1950 because it had come to the end of them. It would, of course, be best if Labour could now plan, with the assistance of its Fabian and other experts, the precise measures it means to introduce when it gets back to power. But the unlikelihood of this being done is shown both by the diversity of the projects now under debate and the evident uncertainty of many of their sponsors and, even more, by the evident failure of any of the planners to face the plain realities of Great Britain's international position and prospects. It may indeed well be that, as things are, the moral uplift of the Socialist Union is of more value than all the planning of the New Fabians, because what British Socialism needs at the moment is even more a faith than a programme based on mistaken premises about Great Britain's international prospects. UNKNOWN SOCIALIST

The American Witch-Hunt

MR. ROOSEVELT'S famous remark that America had nothing to fear except fear itself is often quoted in the United States to-day. Nothing more astonishes the European visitor than evidence of fear—the directions to public underground shelters in New York, the periodic air-raid practices; the awkward hush that may fall over a dinner table if someone ventures a "subversive" remark; the unhappy position of a Professor who is suspected of once having been associated with someone who had signed a document that was also signed by a Communist. This, let us be clear, is in the background, not on the surface of social life. On the surface everything is normal except that the prosperity is fantastic, that, in short, America is the first country in history to produce guns and butter simultaneously and in immense quantities.

One result of this prosperity is to sever the alliance which normally exists in a Western democracy between manual and intellectual workers. Democratic progress has usually been the fruit of this alliance. Workers have struggled against intolerable conditions and eventually obtained the right to form unions; in the struggle they have accepted the alliance and often the leadership of middle-class liberals and socialists who are themselves concerned primarily with the right to speak and write and agitate as their conscience and interests dictate. To-day this alliance is broken because the working classes are for the moment substantially satisfied. There are badly paid groups; there are white-collared workers who complain that salaries have not kept pace with inflated prices; there is a disgraceful housing shortage. Even so, some C.I.O. unions have manfully passed resolutions protesting against grave infringements of basic American rights, including academic liberty. But by and large the powerful unions are conservative and not much concerned with preserving the Bill of Rights. Never before has so large a proportion of the population had a chance of going to college, nor has anyone ever before imagined a day when so many working-class families would have their own cars, refrigerators, washing machines and television sets.

What signs are there then that liberty is in danger? The average citizen knows that Senator McCarthy is shooting wide and that he has failed to unearth one Communist in the State Department where he declared he could name 200. They notice that a paper like the *New York Times* will sometimes point to excesses in the witch-hunt, but they say, shrugging their shoulders: After all we are at war with Communists, aren't we? We can't run any risks of leaving them in positions of importance, and if a few innocent people suffer with the guilty, that can't be helped. No use saying that McCarthy's charges are ridiculous: if there were doubts about Hiss, there were none about Fuchs or any of the other Communist spy trials."

In England it is hard to remember that the United States believes itself at war, even if a strange and unfightable war, with China. In this atmosphere few realise how remote the present witch-hunt is from any real effort to discover spies. The F.B.I. is specially equipped for dealing with espionage; certainly it knows better than to imagine that any spy would have joined any of the Attorney General's list of subversive organisations: the spy would not be trapped by a questionnaire; he would be a communicant as well as an ex-Communist; he would be more plausible and pious than McCarthy, more patriotic than MacArthur and more ready to testify than Budenz. He would work very closely (and very safely) with the F.B.I., learning much to his advantage from the association and helping to defame liberals who are the natural enemies of Communism, as of all totalitarian creeds.

The success of the ex-F.B.I. men who compiled *Red Channels* and who were responsible for the periodical *Counter attack* is well known. One or two notorious cases have informed the public which wished to be informed how the process worked. Details of how film stars, actors and writers have been deprived of their livelihoods by this smear technique can be found in a careful piece of research sponsored by the American Civil Liberties Union.* Frequently the newspapers carry accounts of hearings before the McCarran Committee, of Communists who are excused from answering questions only by in effect incriminating themselves by pleading the First Amendment, which protects them from self-incrimination. Occasionally a sensation is caused by a star like Lillian Hellman who had the courageous idea of offering to answer all questions relating to herself but refusing to answer any which might incriminate others. Owen Lattimore, who has now won an apology from the State Department, has been criticised by some who call themselves liberal on the ground that to have fought back has deprived the academic world of the dubious distinction of always remaining polite even when filth is thrown in its face. But these are the headline examples which tell as little about what is really happening as the original dismissal of the ten Hollywood actors and writers. The real pressure is a continuous day-by-day affair which has the effect of rewarding mediocrity, cowardice, and sycophancy and silencing independence and creative talent.

Let me give one example which happened to come my way. An American citizen who worked closely with the Administration during the war was recently asked to deliver a four weeks' course of lectures for a thousand dollars to an institute of higher learning. He accepted, pleased with the honour and the fee. He received a fourteen-page questionnaire which, he was informed, must be completed in every

* *The Judges and the Judge*. By Merle Miller (Doubleday). The facts about the witch-hunt are well presented in *The Fear of Freedom*, by Francis Biddell (Doubleday), *The Loyalty of Free Men*, by Alan Barth (Viking Press) and *Witch-Hunt: The Recital of Heresy*, by Cary McWilliams (Little, Brown).

detail before he could be allowed to give the lectures. There were about 800 questions. They included medical inquiries—I noted them down myself—about whether he had "ever had terrifying nightmares" or was addicted to bed-wetting! He was asked whether he had ever "received literature" from any of the Attorney General's subversive organisations (it would indeed have been suspicious if he had not). Every possible detail of his public and private life, that of his father and mother, that of his wife and her father and mother had to be given. To complete this part of the questionnaire alone, as he said in his letter of refusal, would have taken a month's research. The last question read:

> Are there any unfavourable incidents in your life not mentioned above which may be discovered in subsequent investigation, whether you were directly involved or not, which might require investigation? If so, describe. If not, answer "No."

He was informed that the correctness of his answers would be investigated. I should point out here that purges now go by perjury, and that to omit some "unfavourable" incident might well be accounted perjury. Supposing, for example, that he failed to give some details of his work in the New Deal? Would not that land him with a charge of perjury if President Truman's Administration should give way to one which regarded it as criminal (as many Republicans now apparently do) to have given aid to the Soviet Union in the last war? My friend, being a man of independence and integrity, refused to complete this preposterous questionnaire and lost the job and the honorarium attached to it.

I have heard it argued that these things are not important since American democracy has never been tolerant and such hysterical periods have occurred in the past. The atmosphere in the Twenties, when Professor Chafee wrote his great book on free speech, was similar. I am not, however, consoled by this consideration, since the psychological background for witch-hunting will remain as long as the Cold War continues. In the meantime, liberties which may be hard to win back are apparently being lost. Since Communists threaten the overthrow of the State, few people worried when ten leading Communists were gaoled on the charge, not of any overt acts, but on the plea that their "conspiracy" to advocate Communist doctrine was itself an incitement to violence. American purges are not to be confused with those of the Soviet Union, since no one in America has been shot for heresy. But the principle which has shocked the Western world about Soviet trials appears to be also at work in the U.S. People are defamed or lose their jobs because they once held views or gave advice which some authority retrospectively considers mistaken. The withdrawal of passports on purely political grounds is again a step in imitation of the Soviet Union. Distinguished scientists find themselves unable to attend scientific conferences which, as one New York paper pointed out, may in future have to be held underground, where Communists will be able to work with greater safety!

Most important of all, the effect of the witch-hunt is to produce a general level of conformity, a new orthodoxy from which a man dissents at his economic peril. From the point of view of big business this has the advantage that if there is a slump, there will be no effective advocacy of another New Deal. Leaders of the Republican Party still do not understand that Mr. Roosevelt and Maynard Keynes saved capitalism, and that no one will have so much cause to rejoice at the destruction of liberalism as the Communist Party.

KINGSLEY MARTIN

London Diary

SOMETHING of the complexity of Anglo-American relations was surely displayed when Mr. Churchill read in the House of Commons on Tuesday a passage from Mr. Acheson's speech, which he had explicitly stated to be "off the record." The explanation is that Mr. Acheson's speech, made before a large gathering of M.P.s, leaked in both England and America. Both British and American papers were naturally anxious to record his admission that the British were not consulted (or informed) before the Yalu River bombing, and that they should have been. Enemies of the Administration in the United States immediately attacked Mr. Acheson for his apology; in self-defence he released the verbatim of what was, in fact, his answer to a question. Mr. Churchill was, therefore, entitled to read this passage into *Hansard*. Since this one point in a lengthy address and discussion has been published, it would surely be better to release the whole thing. Another passage which I feel most strongly should be published verbatim is the answer Mr. Acheson gave to a further question about the State Department's view of the proposal to return Formosa to Communist China and to accept Peking into the United Nations. I should like to know exactly what Mr. Acheson said. According to most reports he was bitterly and violently opposed to any idea of recognising Peking; this would be disappointing, in view of his clear statement at the beginning of 1950 about Peking's right to Formosa.

* * *

When the Queen acceded to the throne last February, this journal suggested that the time had come to get rid of much stuffy ceremonial and to bring the whole institution of monarchy into line with modern ideas. Labour members of the Committee on the Civil List have now come to the same conclusion after examining the evidence. The Committee's report, however, suggests that the facts are still inadequately known. Was the Committee properly informed about what part of the £475,000 Civil List is really wanted for the Queen's personal expenditure, and how much goes to presentations, levees, garden parties and salaries of officials who might well be pensioned off? When we raised this point in February, some people suggested that any such change would destroy the symbolic value of the Crown. Precisely the opposite is the truth. I am not at all anxious to get rid of the lovely fairy-tale flavour of the Coronation, with its ginger-bread coach and wonderfully dressed footmen, obviously recently changed from lesser mammals by Cinderella's fairy godmother. Nor would I get rid of the public ceremonial which brings the people to the Queen, when she opens Parliament, or attends functions enjoyed by thousands of persons. But much of this Buckingham Palace court protocol stuff is just a hangover from days when the monarchy was head of a small inbred aristrocracy. Those who, rightly, complain of the heavy burden now borne by royal personages, should want to abolish these very non-popular functions.

* * *

Both parties are to be congratulated on the settlement of the libel action brought by Lord Kemsley against *Tribune*. It will be remembered that Lord Kemsley took exception to a headline "Lower than Kemsley" which appeared above an article whose contents referred to the activities of Lord Beaverbrook's newspapers. Lord Kemsley complained that the headline suggested that his journalistic standards were low. The action was protracted by Lord Kemsley's lawyers' attempt to prevent *Tribune* from pleading "fair comment" (that is, that the article was true in fact and fair in comment) on the grounds that since the facts about Lord Kemsley were not given, comment about him could not be fair. This interlocutory argument was carried up to the House of Lords, where it was finally held that *Tribune* was entitled to plead "fair comment", partly on the ground that the facts about Lord Kemsley's numerous newspapers were available to all who cared to read them. It is clear that the House of Lords was very anxious not to restrict the scope of the plea of fair comment because of its importance to the principle of free speech. An agreed statement published last week in *Tribune* announces that Lord Kemsley has accepted an assurance that the defendants "never had the slightest intention of making any reflection upon Lord Kemsley personally. Their criticism was solely directed against the policy of the newspapers in which he was interested. The defendants regret the words used have been understood as conveying a wider and personal implication." It is certainly desirable that if indeed anyone did think that newspaper proprietors were personally responsible for everything in their newspapers, the error should be corrected. I am also glad that the action has not proved, as some people feared, ruinous to *Tribune*; indeed, I hear that it may now be possible for *Tribune* to reappear as a regular weekly paper.

* * *

The Broadmoor Inquiry Committee has done an excellent job. Its recommendations are sensible, and its calm and cogent argument is just what was needed at a moment when anger and alarm might have stampeded the authorities into foolish and reactionary changes. The danger was real. Public opinion was naturally horrified by the tragic circumstances of the escape, and it was understandable that local residents should be frightened into believing the surprisingly bitter complaints about the administration of Broadmoor, some of them emanating from inside the institution itself. Under this tide of emotion much of the present Medical Superintendent's progressive work could have been swept away. The Committee's report, accepted by the Minister of Health, tells the true story. Criticisms of detail are made against the administration at all levels and against the Board of Control itself. But the system is vindicated: conditions appropriate to treatment and cure are held not

to be incompatible with security. One of the shrewdest of the recommendations is that the Board of Control should take steps to secure a better understanding of its policy by the staff.

* * *

Oozing along the Holborn pavement on Wednesday morning, I was about to turn my *Evening News* into a fan when my eye caught an item that must have been cheering the boys down in the City. "£ Stronger," ran the headline. My spirits rose. The despatch from New York appeared below. "The £ sterling advanced ¼ of a cent to 278.75 cents on the New York money market yesterday."

* * *

What an odd thing is convention! In New York, where it is correct to go about without a jacket in the summer, you should wear a straw hat up to, but not after, a fixed date. In England, coming to town in the Underground on a broiling morning this week, no one, man or woman, in my compartment had a hat at all. Not so many years ago the men would have been wearing toppers. Even to-day I was the only man not wearing a thick suit and a tie. The women, on the other hand, who, when I was young, would have been wearing voluminous petticoats with heavy dresses draping their ankles, now wear cotton frocks and (judging, of course, by the advertisements) only the sheerest of nothingness underneath. I don't really understand this evolution. According to theorists, dress is dictated partly by sex attraction and partly by climate. Why, in that case, are the women allowed to be comfortable and, I hold, even more attractive than they used to be, while the men (myself excepted) remain uncomfortable and repulsive? CRITIC

SEATS OF THE MIGHTY

From the Arctic to the Tropics
There is eager speculation
On the two outstanding topics
Of general conversation,
The interest of mankind is shared impartially between
The choosing of a President, the crowning of a Queen.

The portents are inspected,
Opinion is excited
On who will be elected
And who will be invited—
Republicans and Democrats are boosting rival names,
While monarchists are queueing at the Royal Court of Claims.

The State-wide battle rages
Before the nomination,
The Monarchy engages
In solemn preparation—
Amid so many contrasts what resemblance can be shown
Between the chair of office and hereditary throne?

One ruler is appointed,
His term of short duration,
One is for life anointed,
And both with jubilation—
But this they have in common, that neither can lay down
The onus of high office, the burden of the crown.

So America's election
And Britain's coronation
Must both upon reflection
Arouse commiseration,
For uneasy lies the noddle that the royal crown must wear,
And uneasy rests the fanny on the Presidential chair.

SAGITTARIUS

THIS ENGLAND

Prizes are awarded of £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed.
Paste entries on a POSTCARD.

"OUR TITLES ARE OUR CURSE": Lady Seton lifts the veil of Society: *The Amazing Story of our Nobility's fight against Poverty.*—A Sunday newsbill. (J. Matthews.)

Only people who live on national assistance can afford to go to Paris these days.—Magistrate reported in *Daily Express*. (L. Alcock.)

The staff may not accept gratuities and may not sell or fetch sweets or refreshments for visitors, or receive letters at the conveniences.—*Notice in Charlton Park*. (Douglas Childs.)

Britain has told the United Nations Trusteeship Council it is prepared to abolish flogging in Tanganyika, East Africa, but the natives are opposed to the idea.—*News Chronicle*. (S. S. Hurrell.)

Public schools specifically teach boys not to become "repressed human beings" and do not produce such boys. First, the boy is disciplined by the cane and the fag-master, and when he grows older he learns to discipline others.—Letter in *News Chronicle*. (Frances Krusin.)

Refined Capable Young Lady for intimate Sandwich Buffet.—Advert. in *Bath & Wilts Chronicle*. (Marion Gapp.)

War on Locusts

IT has taken *Schistocerca gregaria, Forst.* to make at least some people in one small part of the world come to their senses and forget that there is a cold war on: to-day in Persia, where nearly a quarter million acres are covered with the eggs of the Desert Locust, six American specially equipped airplanes, flown by Iranians trained by U.S. pilots, are closely co-operating with ten similar aircraft, sent by Soviet Russia and piloted by Russians, in combating, on one front, the invasion of the Middle East by an army that respects neither frontiers nor ideologies. On the same sector of the war against the "flying stomachs," India and Pakistan have temporarily forgotten their bitter feud over Kashmir and have both rushed in specialists, machinery and insecticides, not only in order to save Persian crops but also to protect their own countries from invasion.

In a recent statement, O. B. Lean, of the Food and Agriculture Organisation, explained that the present Desert Locust plague was "typical, not exceptional" in that it extends only over a small proportion of the huge area that has been invaded since biblical times—and several times in this century. What is, however, remarkable is the speed with which the current swarms migrated from East Africa to the Middle East, sweeping up from Somalia and the southern shore of the Gulf of Aden to Arabia, covering over 800 miles in less than a fortnight—with some swarms flying 4,000 miles in four months.

It is only in the last twenty years or so that entomologists have unravelled some of the mysteries of the locust, its habits and behaviour. Thus it was only discovered in the early Thirties that the locust is in fact the familiar grasshopper who has developed gregarious and migratory habits—and not a different species altogether! Between plagues the Desert Locust lives as an obscure solitary grasshopper over wide areas of Africa and the Middle East. The plagues, as such, occur only in a few localities (outbreak areas) after an unusual sequence of climatic events. While the outbreak areas of the Red Locust and the African Migratory Locust are known, those of the Desert Locust, the most voracious and ubiquitous, are still being studied.

A plague once started may last several years, fluctuating in intensity. The present Desert Locust outbreak is believed to have originated in Saudi Arabia as far back as 1948, but no one can predict how long it will last nor when it will reach its peak of devastation. In the course of a plague, swarms migrate from country to country, from continent to continent, following the rains and evading excessively hot, dry and cold regions. In each year of the locust cycle seasonal breeding takes place in the same general areas usually after the onset of the rainy season. With the Desert Locust "operating" over a huge potential infestation area, from India to the Atlantic shore of West Africa, breeding is usually taking place somewhere throughout the year.

The Desert Locust lays its eggs in sandy ground a few inches below the surface in pods each containing about 70 eggs, in egg fields that cover many square miles. An F.A.O. report mentions that a count recently made in Iran revealed about 70,000 eggs per square yard. After two to three weeks the hoppers emerge from their eggs, grow rapidly and moult five times in six weeks before coming of age as winged adult locusts. The always hungry hoppers march, feed and rest in compact masses often covering many square miles. One strange aspect of these hopper marches is that the countless millions of insects, due to so-called "visual inter-attraction," not only march but also rest facing the same way. Having a large amount of black in their coloration they are apt to be strongly heated by the sun, and on a chilly morning millions of hoppers can be seen all sitting with their sides perpendicular to the rays of the sun—basking. As the sun grows hotter they sit facing the sun, exposing to its rays the minimum surface of their bodies. After sprouting wings the locusts fly in swarms, covering on average 30-50 miles a day. In a flying swarm there will be about 20 locusts per cubic yard and swarms often extend over 100 square miles, sometimes much more. When they settle, the locusts may be as dense as 10,000 per square yard and one acre may be cumbered by 600-800 tons of them.

The ideal objective of modern locust control strategy is prevention of outbreaks rather than their suppression. But so far this has only been possible in the cases of the Red and African Migratory locusts, whose outbreak areas have been discovered in years of methodical research. Until the origins of the Desert Locust are fully known, recurring plagues of this species will have to go on being suppressed. The British Government, realising the danger to its own colonies and territories as well as to other countries in the Middle East, of locusts escaping from uncontrolled areas, has over the last ten years built up an impressive control organisation, the Desert Locust Control, with headquarters in Nairobi. With an annual budget of a million and a half pounds, it employs over a hundred Locust officers, many of them scientists (entomologists, meteorologists, plant pathologists, etc.), and disposes of nearly 400 motor vehicles, a hundred power sprayers and dusters, and hundreds of tons of insecticides. At the same time unending reports on Locust breeding, movements of hoppers and swarms, damage to crops, unusual or routine behaviour of the insects, etc., are pouring from all over the world—for South and Central America as well as East Asia have their own particular locust problems—into the Anti-Locust Research Centre, under Dr. Uvarov, at the Natural History Museum in Kensington.

During the past fifteen years there has been increasingly close co-operation between all countries threatened by the Desert Locust, and the collective efforts of British, French, Belgian, Italian, Portuguese and Arab scientists and field officers have not only resulted in immense strides forward in the knowledge of all aspects involved in locust control, but has at last begun to bring a solution within reach. Men like Uvarov, Gunn, Zolotarevsky, Bredo, O. B. Lean, and others, are beginning to see the fruits of many years of patient pioneering research, not only in the intensifying battle against *Schistocerca gregaria* but also in the international co-operation which they have battled for years to establish, often against heartbreaking odds created by nationalism, scientific sectarianism and local jealousies.

In the present outbreak, F.A.O., the British Desert Locust Control and the U.S. Fourth Point Administration (assisting to the tune of $600,000) and the governments of the affected countries all collaborate. Recently, the R.A.F. flew five Micron power sprayers to badly infested Jordan at two days' notice—a remarkable example of red-tape cutting which would have been unthinkable in peace-time only a few years ago. When last spring (and this year again) Iran sent out an S O S to a number of countries calling for assistance against the Desert Locust, the British, Americans, Russians, Indians and Pakistanis responded within days, in a combined effort to save food and, ultimately, lives.

STEPHEN W. POLLAK

Death by Accident

FOR the past quarter century we have been killing an average of over six thousand of our fellow citizens on the roads of Britain every year, and injuring a hundred-and-eighty-thousand more. Seven million people have been killed or injured on our roads since 1900, and Dr. W. H. Glanville, the Director of Road Research for the Department of Scientific and Industrial Research, estimates that on present form the chances of any one person being involved in a road accident during his life-time is as high as one in five. The problem, of course, is not new. Over a thousand people were killed in British road accidents in 1909, and by 1930 the figure had reached seven thousand—a total which has since been exceeded only once in peace-time, in 1934. The 1930 figure seems to have shaken us into a serious realisation that Road Safety, or the absence of it, constitutes a major social problem, and since that year there has been a succession of measures, culminating in last November's "Zebra" scheme, directed to its solution.

How far have these various efforts succeeded in reducing the accident rate? Unfortunately, not very much; the statistics have shown little improvement since 1930. Even so, the periods of slight improvement are worth studying in the hope of finding a good reason for them. The first was the "Belisha" period before the war. Taking the year 1934 as having an accident index of 100, the figures for the next few years were 96 in 1935, and 98 in each of the following three years. This may seem a slight improvement indeed, but Mr. Hore-Belisha's general claim would seem to be justified—that the casualty rate was halted during a period when more vehicles than ever were entering the roads of Britain. Presumably this was due to a combination of propaganda, pedestrian crossings, and Driving Tests, though it is clearly impossible to apportion the result fairly between these devices.

Omitting the war years—when the casualty rate rose sharply because of the black-out—we find an inevitable improvement during the years of petrol rationing; 1949, for instance, produced only 180,000 casualties of all kinds, whereas the figure for 1938 had been 230,000. The end of petrol rationing was followed by the expected increase in casualties, but the first post-war year of unrationed petrol showed a drop of 28 per cent. in deaths, and of 9 per cent. in injuries on the last parallel pre-war period. Again, why? Partly, one guesses, because cars which had been laid up were entering the roads fairly slowly, but partly also because of renewed propaganda—this was a time of intensive campaigning by the Royal Society for the Prevention of Accidents, including six months of its 1950 Children's Safety Campaign. In 1950 fewer children were killed on the roads than in any single year of the past quarter century.

The "Zebra" scheme was introduced at the end of last October, and the month of November showed a disturbing rise in the casualty list; December, the second month of the experiment, was the worst December for a decade. But then November and December are traditionally bad months, when the weather alone could be held responsible for fluctuations one way or the other; and it is only fair to add that in many places, especially in the cities, the "Zebra" experiment was in fact followed by a marked improvement. In St. Pancras, for instance, pedestrians had formed 63.7 per cent. of the road casualties in November and December 1950; in the same months of last year this figure had dropped to 51.2 per cent. Moreover a general improvement has been noticed in the first few months of 1952; it may be due to the "Zebra" scheme or, maybe, quite simply, to good weather.

The one observation which can be made with confidence is that Propaganda has proved itself to be the greatest single influence in encouraging road safety. The periods of improvement have always been those of intensive publicity, and it may be significant that the war years were not only years without lighting; they were also years in which road safety propaganda was reduced to a minimum. Experiments at the Road Research Laboratory have proved the point empirically; in certain tested areas road safety propaganda was immediately followed by a reduced casualty rate, and the improvement continued for some time after the cessation of the propaganda. One reason for this, no doubt, is that children, the section of the community most open to direct propaganda, have always suffered more than their fair share of pedestrian casualties. The number of children aged fourteen or under is about a fifth of the population, but this age-group has tended to suffer about a third of the pedestrian deaths; and if we take the proportion of children in the "slightly injured" category, we find they are nearer a half than a third of the total. These figures would seem to justify a considerable amount of road safety publicity in the schools; they would also indicate the value of pedestrian crossings outside school playgrounds, and would seem to support the criticisms of those who have protested that one result of the "Zebra" scheme was the quite arbitrary reduction in the number of such crossings.

Propaganda first; then, surely, a concentration on pedestrian crossings—and not only for children. For pedestrians form about a third of those killed and injured in accidents of all kinds, and nearly half the number of deaths. For this reason, the "Zebra" scheme, in giving to pedestrian priority the force of law on uncontrolled crossings, is on sound ground. Unfortunately the soundness of its initial principle has largely been vitiated by the curious decision to reduce the number of existing crossings by two-thirds. "Zebra" crossings are now so far apart that pedestrians can hardly be expected to make the detour which is sometimes necessary for their own safety. The lighting of "Zebra" crossings is an admirable and necessary reform, but it does not solve this particular dilemma: and it is at least arguable that the money to be spent on lighting might be spent more profitably in increasing the number of crossings—lit or not.

What of the motor vehicle driver? Many of our efforts have been directed at him—Driving Tests, the Highway Code and so on. But the fact is that only about a quarter of our road accidents are officially blamed on drivers, who are, apparently, more careful than many of us imagine. A recent attempt to stimulate increased care among motor drivers was the plan of Mr. Edward Terrell, the Recorder of Newbury. His main point was to give the force of law to some of the rules in the Highway Code, but he suffered a rough handling from the Report of the Road Safety Committee, published a few weeks ago. The crux of the Committee's rejection of his plan lies in the belief that the law would never be able to define accurately the vague terms which would be bound to arise in any litigation. This Report, the latest attempt to tackle the problem of road safety, recommends the publication of a new Highway Code, much less "generally unattractive and confusing" than the present one. This is a fair point, largely thrown away by the accompanying proposal that the new Code should not, like the old one, be issued free to householders, but should be made available (a) to applicants for driving licences, (b) to local authorities for free issue on demand for a period of a year, (c) for free distribution by road users' associations, and (d) through H.M. Stationery Office for a penny. This, it seems would ensure that copies of the Code would reach those who are either professionally interested or already converted. Granted the efficacy of propaganda, the issue of a new Highway Code is a sensible idea—provided it reaches everybody.

When everything has been done that can be done easily, we are still left with a few unpalatable truths: that about one accident in six is directly attributed to the weather—a genuine "accident," in fact; that our post-war roads badly need maintenance; that our cars are old and suffer from a scarcity of replacements; that all our proposals for road safety cost money. Road safety, like everything else, must find its place in the current list of Treasury priorities.

GEORGE LEATHER

Man is Born Free

So I wake not at dawn nor mid-day, gazing at the picture on the facing wall that is neither Van Gogh's Sunflowers nor "When Did You Last See Your Father?" I take my bath, not down the street with a woman to scrub my back, then have breakfast, neither roast beef nor raw fish nor a half-bottle of champagne with no cigar to follow. And while I eat, I read the morning-papers, and try as I may, the ads cannot but swim into my vision. There are letters to write, not on paper with ready-ruled lines nor with my name in a swirl of blue across the left-hand corner. "Dear So-and-so," I cannot but begin, nor may I end as their obedient servant nor asking them to accept the expression of my sincerest sentiments.

Now for an hour on the new novel that may not be a *nouvelle* of between twenty- and thirty-

COPPER

NEXT to iron, copper is the most useful metal in the world today. Millions of miles of copper wire and cable carry the electricity that drives motors and transmits messages from one end of the earth to the other. It is made into fireboxes for railway engines and, alloyed with zinc or nickel, into condenser tubes for steam generators in power houses and ships. Alloyed with zinc, copper forms brass, which has a thousand uses from curtain rails to cartridge cases. Alloyed with tin, copper becomes bronze, the alloy that makes springs, statues and heavy duty bearings.

Copper was the first metal used by primitive man as he emerged from the Stone Age. When the Romans came to Britain, copper was already being widely used in the form of bronze. Mining and smelting were being carried out in Cumberland, Anglesey and North Wales. Today most of the world's copper ore is mined in Africa and the Americas. I.C.I., which is the largest producer of wrought non-ferrous metals in the British Empire, manufactures vast quantities of copper and copper alloys in forms varying from printing rollers to coins.

ICI

thousand words, for that is an uneconomic length, and the muse must wait on the publisher. How fortunate, I think as I write, that this is no war-novel and so no need to write f——, for though the symbol means the word and the word forms in the mind, to see the specific arrangement of type the hiatus implies would shock, appal, corrupt. How lucky I live in these enlightened times, I tell myself, and can write down "damn" with never a second thought until I sell the film rights and learn that, spoken, the expression is "inadmissible."

Now to dress for town, not in a swimsuit, though the day is hot, and not, O not in my skin. To make up the face, eyelids not yellow though purple or blue or green, lips crimson or scarlet or fuchsia but this year not orange. Three miles to town, a nice walk downhill but not in high-heeled shoes and no brogues in Bond Street, so a taxi, a bus, a car, though a short walk from my home—not by-pass Tudor, not a modern flat on a main road—to any of them. "How do you do?" says my acquaintance on the hill, and I can neither reply "Pleased to meet you," nor "Nicely, thanks." Tube, I decide, will be quickest after all, and there, as I come down the stairs, is the very train, but I miss it for it would never occur to me to knock over that old woman in my way. So again I cannot but look at the ads, shocked, corrupted and appalled as I read of hubby and the kiddies and find myself addressed by the admonitory ubiquitous "You."

At the hairdresser they suggest neither singeing nor a Marcel wave, and I need not explain that I don't want my finger-nails cut square across the tips. And what else they might do but don't, I can't imagine, for this is a question of fashion, and it is as unthinkable to me as to them that anything should be other than it is this very day. So I go to the restaurant, not a cafeteria nor a snack-bar, where I meet my husband and we don't pick a table but wait to be shown. "Will I have a drink?" he asks, not meaning port or coca-cola, nor gin-mixed-with-whiskey nor madeira-with-hock; "Will I choose my lunch?" and I don't, like Miss Matty's farmer-friend, take my pudding first. I don't scrape the plates or stack the dishes or like sparkling burgundy or look at the bill.

Now I may amuse myself, but not with a pick-up at the palais de danse, and not (except for an article) at the amusement arcade, and not to play hopscotch or hide-and-seek. I will go and buy some gloves to go over, not under, my rings, but they will not bargain in the department store, nor will the salesgirl wear scarlet. Through the children's department, where none of the little girls is trying on corsets or nylons and none of the little boys wears long, long curls. I like that woman's hat, but I'd never go up and tell her so, any more than I'd tell the friend I meet for tea, no alcohol permissible at this hour, that yellow isn't really her colour. There are some things one just can't say.

Back on the bus at not more than thirty miles an hour and no chance of not looking at the ads, for there they are, inside and out and never a pirate bus on the streets for a different colour, a competitive fare. Somebody treads on my foot but I mustn't cry, and I mustn't lose my temper with the fool who doesn't know the way to the polling-booth. Nor can I cast my vote for an Anarchist or a Syndicalist or a Radical or even a Liberal, since this time there just doesn't happen to be one.

At last thankfully home, not to sink onto the centre couch of a three-piece suite nor the cushiony velvet of a knole settee. For dinner there's soup not drunk out of the bowl and chicken not gnawed between the fingers and asparagus not eaten with a knife and fork but the greasy fingers wiped on the napkin-not-serviette never completely unfolded. Then, while I drink not cocoa but coffee and not out of a bottle, not to listen to the Palm Court Orchestra playing an arrangement of "Rustle of Spring." And at last to bed, not between purple sheets nor on a feather mattress, listening to the airplane droning overhead, and reflecting proudly that if one day it should bring not transport but death, there is nothing else that I (though never they) could have died for but liberty.

MARGHANITA LASKI

A Touch of the Sun

"I AM told—" began the informed voice; but at that moment the "Z" bus arrived, and we in the queue-pen, leaving Wimbledon, moved up. Still dazzled by sun and tennis we were trying to get used to a world in which we weren't all begging bears, swivelling the head from right to left, left to right.

It is a strange sensation, when you haven't encountered it for a few years, this hypnotism of tennis. Brought up as a cricketer, I take a naturally lazy view of games: elegance and distance, the pause, the Pateresque devotion to style, the strolling in, out, and about, time counted in hours, in days, in intervals during which the play may be criticised and forgotten—these I tend to assume when I or others go into white. Tennis, from this point of view, is shocking. It is hemmed in, man to man or woman to woman; it can't take walks, it labours the point; the clash of dissimilars is brought down to an endless variation of if-then and either-or: in fact, not a drama but a dialogue. Terse, thrilling, gloriously certain, and (dare I venture?) a shade monotonous. No *deus ex machinâ* will ever, nimbly or portentously, order his crane to be lowered. Unless weatherwise. On that afternoon the Centre Court's tarpaulins were tight-rolled. But would the halcyon weather last?

Like heat-waves, champions fade quickly. Here is yet another game which we English have sent bumbling into the void, to welcome back jet-engined. The ingenious Major Wingfield who in 1874 patented his "new and improved portable court" and three years later succeeded in adding Lawn Tennis to the other attractions of the Wimbledon Croquet Club, ought to be statued at the main entrance with his hat off. It is an affair now between Americans and the others. If the others—not often ourselves—snatch a point or a promotion, we feel rarely bucked. What still is most ours is the green grass, the cries of "love" and "deuce," the rather devastating correctitude that has taken the place of gentlemanliness. Mannerisms (what time is there for them?) have been ironed out; mood, in the close-up, is so curbed that if to-day a player were to fling down his racquet, all Wimbledon would go up to a twang of snapped strings.

The crowd is almost too well-behaved to be true. It (or the gallery part of it) queues all night, stands all day in the sun, applauds with mild handclaps, has learnt no vocabulary of encouragement or abuse. Should some visitor—from Neptune, presumably—after inquiring what tennis is all about, settle himself to forty winks (as apparently did at least one gentleman the other week), there will be damaging letters in the press. One such letter, which I had read on my way to Wimbledon, had determined me at all costs to keep my mouth shut and my eyes open. But as the afternoon wore on with a succession of adroit, tense, perfectly conducted duels, and the hot sun crept up from my knees to my chin, I couldn't help *thinking*—while, I hope, outwardly doing my bit as a tennis-watcher—of pelota matches in San Sebastian. A hard angry echoing game, neither so varied nor so agreeably stylish as tennis: muscular, dramatic, exclusively male. Particularly the bookies haunted me. There they would stand in a row looking up at the boxes and galleries that line one side of the court, miming, cajoling, singing out odds, adeptly flinging and catching the little wooden ball in which a bet is contained. Sometimes, when the rallies were ding-dong, the market chorus would die away, sometimes it would reach a crescendo inciting to both spectators and players; more and more furious would grow the harsh clack of wood against stone, the rivalry of odds . . .

The Wimbledon sun had reached my nose-tip. In one court (a gentle ripple of applause reaching us over the mound) the crowd has been rebuked for too vigorously supporting Little Mo; one strangled cry of "Budge!" had lent feeling to the untheatrical decline of Patty; we hadn't bawled, we hadn't betted, we hadn't waved or leapt to our feet (except for the arrival of the Duchess of Kent); we had sat back on uncomfortable seats, or fainted—two hundred of us—to be carried away.

And now, for the day at least, it is all over.

"I am told—" repeats the informed voice—the odour of hay and petrol is strong as smelling salts, and across the way, amazingly, two old men are ambling at golf by a lake—golf!—"I am told that the Queen is making some new Knights of the Thistle; who are they?"

Who indeed? Already the spell has been broken; we are beginning to come out of our trance of loves and deuces, vantage here, vantage there, Seixas, Little Mo, Ip and Tsai. There is the sun, that huge bright ball, motionless, fairly asking for it; but, as the bus jogs along, we feel after our pennies, with no more thoughts for a volleyer.

G. W. STONIER

Mr. Han's Funeral

THE Mayor of Pingshan had never heard of Montesquieu or the separation of powers, and I doubt whether it would have made much difference even if he had. Like all the other mayors in our part of China he was appointed by the Provincial Governor, a War Lord with a particularly unsavoury reputation. The Mayor had risen to a position of responsibility in the Provincial Civil Service once he had grasped the principle that he advanced his own interests best by advancing those of the Provincial Governor. Like an Angevin monarch he held in his hands all powers of government. He made laws, he administered laws, he judged law-breakers, and he punished those he found guilty.

The Mayor was a member of the Pingshan Victory Club, so I used to meet him regularly. These occasions were the nearest that Pingshan ever came to democracy; after a suitable repast, the village notables would discuss the affairs of the locality and the Mayor would often mention problems which were troubling him. He made no secret of the contempt in which he held the Central Government and the difficulties that he encountered in circumventing the instructions from Chungking which reached him from time to time. He despised the coastal Chinese who had invaded West China; he once told a friend of mine that they were little better than foreigners.

The construction of the Burma Road had transformed Pingshan from a sleepy backwater into a busy and congested transport centre. Convoys of lorries passed through each day, taking their precious cargoes to the Chinese interior. Perched on top of the lorries would cling the

weary "yellow fish" (hitch-hikers), their hair, ears and clothes impregnated with dust. At last I knew why the British Army described the colour of its uniform by the Hindi word for dust.

One of the Mayor's special problems was that of billeting the soldiers who straggled through Pingshan in an endless stream. Hardly a day passed without a column of soldiers arriving. The officers would proceed at once to the Mayor's residence where, over cups of crude potato wine, they would discuss the billeting arrangements. While all this went on the soldiers would squat by the roadside, remove their thin cotton trousers, and make war on the tiny creatures which lurked in the seams.

At one time the Mayor had habitually billeted the soldiers in the chapel, but after his conversion to Christianity he had been convinced by Pastor Chu that this was an unseemly proceeding. The Mayor had not been able to see this at first. Surely, he said, the soldiers treat the chapel no differently from a Chinese temple. "That's just the trouble," replied Pastor Chu.

So the Mayor had devised other arrangements, and there were few buildings in Pingshan which were not commandeered from time to time. Occasionally it would be the turn of our garage and go-down, but the Mayor always came personally to inform me of his decision and to explain that it was in the interests of the United Nations that I should agree without demur. I made a point of sweeping the buildings myself in full view of the invading horde in the hope that it might induce an attitude of cleanliness.

The fact that I would spend the evening with the soldiers was regarded by the Mayor as highly suspicious. But they were fascinating occasions. I would learn from the soldiers the quaint ballads about kings and battles and dragons and illicit love of long ago, or perhaps some new-fangled and derogatory piece about the Japanese army which was seemingly composed entirely of persons born out of wedlock. Then I would regale them with Western songs—"O Sole Mio" or "Men of Harlech" or "Bless 'em all." I would save to the last the *pièce de résistance*, a battered portable gramophone looted enterprisingly by Dr. Wang during the retreat from Burma and presented to me to console me for the fall of Hong Kong.

It was the day after Mr. Han's death that the Mayor came to see me in great excitement. He had come, he intimated, on an unusual mission. He had greatly appreciated, and indeed felt unworthy of, the friendly spirit which I had always manifested. My conduct was an example not only to individuals but to nations. But now tragedy had come to Pingshan. Mr. Han, the honoured and greatly loved local manager of the Chinese National Transportation and Communications Administration, had passed away. He was planning a civic funeral for the late Mr. Han, and in view of Mr. Han's great affection for all things pertaining to roads, could the funeral ceremony be held in the foreigners' garage?

It took a few seconds to adjust myself to the request. I thought rapidly of the facetious report on the incident which would undoubtedly reach headquarters, the sarcastic inquiry which I would receive, my feeble answer, then a reprimand. I looked up and noticed that the Mayor had placed a tin of coffee on the table. What were my terms, he inquired. I handed him back his tin of coffee and replied with great solemnity that the foreigners were honoured to think they were to be associated in this intimate way with the last rites of Mr. Han. When would the ceremony begin? "At midday the day after to-morrow," said the Mayor.

I should explain that our garage was a simple oblong building, open along one side, and divided into three bays. I went there in the afternoon of the funeral to observe the proceedings. What I assumed were the mortal remains of Mr. Han were in a crude chest in the left-hand bay. In the centre bay was a trestle table on which lay an assortment of objects; behind it sat three monks, one intoning a mournful song which he was reading from a tattered book, another waving a stick of incense from side to side, and a third fast asleep in his chair. In the right-hand bay an orchestra played frenziedly on a variety of percussion instruments—drums, bells, cymbals, a triangle, a rattle, and a sort of glockenspiel. In front of the three bays were some paper and bamboo models of things Mr. Han might need in his new existence: a pagoda for him to live in, a buffalo to ride on, food to eat, and money to purchase anything which his relatives might have forgotten. As I approached, the incense-waving monk woke his sleeping colleague and sent him to welcome me. I asked the obvious questions about the ritual, but the monk knew more about the outward and visible signs than he did about the inward and spiritual grace. I inquired the name of this religion. "Chinese religion" was his laconic answer.

They must have worked the orchestra in shifts, for the tympanic noise continued throughout the night, and the next day, and the next night. I was beginning to get anxious. A convoy of trucks was due from the Front any day, and it was essential to clear the garage before they arrived. I went to the Mayor. The foreigners, I said, had been honoured above their deserts. Our garage was not worthy of the compliment the late Mr. Han was paying us. We would ever remember with gratitude the distinction we had acquired. One could but hope Mr. Han's funeral would last a thousand years. Since this was impossible, however, could I be informed when it would end? Certainly, said the Mayor. In about a week or ten days' time.

In my anxiety to explain my predicament I forgot to use the courteous language which the occasion demanded. It was essential that they should end the ceremony at once, I said firmly. The Mayor informed me this was impossible: an inadequate funeral might prejudice Mr. Han's chances of eternal bliss. I decided to press my mundane request, and when the Mayor saw that I meant business he told me it was a theological rather than an administrative question, and we would consult the local abbot.

As we proceeded to the abbot's home, I planned my campaign. I would remind him of the late Mr. Han's great love of the road. A truly magnificent funeral must be planned, worthy of Mr. Han's devotion. There should be a procession of lorries. The late Mr. Han would travel in the first, then in the second the civic heads of Pingshan, in the third the paper and bamboo objects which Mr. Han might require hereafter, in the fourth the orchestra supplemented by my gramophone, and in the fifth (I hoped there would be five lorries in the convoy we were expecting) would travel Mr. Han's relatives. What more fitting end could there be to a life devoted to roads and lorries?

Pingshan had never before seen such a magnificent funeral. The Mayor delivered a funeral oration into which his new-found Christian principles did not obtrude unduly. The abbot congratulated the foreigners, the foreigners were grateful to the Mayor, the Mayor condoled with Mrs. Han, and Mrs. Han thanked the abbot. We even provided a jeep for the choir.

SYDNEY D. BAILEY

he's a
CRAVEN
TOBACCO
man

Here's tobacco that scores 'all round the wicket'. Your first pipe of CRAVEN tells you why men who demand a luxurious smoke and top value for money are faithful to this fine tobacco—year in and year out. Such fragrance and flavour, such cool, slow smoking.

CHOOSE FROM
THREE FINE BLENDS

Craven Mixture 4/6 oz.
Craven Empire de luxe Mixture 4/2 oz.
Craven Empire Curly Cut 4/3 oz.

FOR MEN WHO KNOW GOOD TOBACCOS

The Arts and Entertainment

THE BIENNALE

THE Biennale at Venice contains about twenty pavilions. Some of these are taken up by historical exhibitions—Goya, Soutine, the paintings of the Divisionists, the Charell collection of Lautrec prints—and others by retrospective exhibitions of the work of established, contemporary artists—Leger (who comes out very well indeed), Dufy, Marini, Sutherland and so on. The majority of the galleries, however, are filled with thousands of works by several hundred lesser-known or younger painters from nearly thirty different countries. These are extremely revealing because they give a general view of what is happening to the acknowledged art of the Western world and suggest what developments are likely to take place.

Among these paintings I am convinced that the most significant are those by the young Italian Social Realists. Their work seems to me to be important for both a negative and a positive reason. The negative reason is simply that almost all the others appear pointless. That may sound too dramatic a generalisation. There are, of course, individual works of talent. Yet if one considers them *en masse* and if, as is natural in Venice, one takes an historical view, it becomes obvious how aimless and automatic most of them are. One's impression in gallery after gallery is of fragmentary pictures somehow produced by *guesswork*—based on vague memories of the masterpieces of the last seventy years.

An apologist might argue that it is unfair to expect more than a dozen first-rate paintings even amongst so many. But the point is the particular way in which these works are bad. It is not that they are clumsy or provincial or over-ambitious: but the exact opposite, that they are over-generalised and negative. Studying them and trying to see the situation as a whole, one realises that the cause of this is something that has been pointed out so often that it is paradoxically easy to forget it—the failure of contemporary artists to communicate on any but a very specialised level. During the thirty years around the turn of the century when revolutionary discoveries were being made, this mattered far less than it does to-day in a period of consolidation, a period when those discoveries must be absorbed and applied in particular situations.

Crudely speaking, the failure to communicate has had three results. It has encouraged excessive introspection; it has led to the denial of the importance of content; and, most important of all, it has robbed the artist of the benefit of the natural interaction which should take place between himself and his public. It is this interaction which produces a style and a tradition—inevitably attached to a particular place. One of the most depressing aspects of the works I am discussing is their lack of national or local character. There are Yugoslav Dufys, Canadian Miros, Cuban Mondrians, all working in their own countries yet all subscribing to a diffused international style, which can no more produce a tradition of art than Esperanto can produce a tradition of literature.

Against such a background, the Italian Social Realist paintings are outstanding. They have clearly been painted with a real desire to communicate with a specific but wide public; they are not introspective; they are concerned with content and they are (at least in terms of subject matter) closely connected with local situations. But having said this, and having emphasised the feeling of relief with which one comes upon them—the relief of receiving a straight answer among thousands of polite evasions—one must add that, as paintings, the majority of them are very disappointing. Yet I believe their failure may also suggest a positive reason for thinking them important. The problems they raise are too large for any easy or quick solution.

There are the purely painterly problems: the problem of managing a composition which includes more than a couple of figures, of articulating limbs in complicated rather than stylised poses, of finding a suitable way of interpreting new objects—cars, telephones, aeroplanes, etc. There is also the more fundamental problem of investing the scene depicted with genuine emotion: an emotion which can be broadly shared but which does not simply rely on the ready-made political appeal of certain symbolic objects such as working-class caps, red flags, shovels and hammers. And of course there is the full human problem implicit in the very idea of Realism. Realism is not a manner but an approach and an aim. The Realist is not concerned with presenting facts for their own sake, but with proving the objective reality of conclusions which can be drawn from them.

Although all these problems are complicated, there is naturally no particular virtue in failing to solve them. The point I want to make is that a movement is only potentially capable of development if it raises more worthwhile problems than it can solve. What makes the majority of the other paintings so feeble, is that, if one accepts them at all, they raise so few.

Finally, all that I have said is theoretical. But it is, I think, made rather less so by one remarkably successful painting by Renato Guttuso. A battle-scene of Garibaldi and his Thousand fighting their way into Palermo—Guttuso is a Sicilian—it contains more than thirty figures, seven of whom are life-size. It is not, however, its scale which makes it so impressive, but rather its simultaneous complexity and unity in relation to all the problems I have mentioned. The composition, which is based on the conflict of red and blue uniforms against a brown-green background, is immediately strong and clear but at the same time never steamrollers the character out of individual passages—a straining horse's head, an upturned basket of fruit, the hands of a fallen soldier, the creases formed across a shirt by an arm being raised to brandish a sword. The simplifications of drawing (deriving from Cubism) are always used to clarify the action and perspective within their context—never in order to remove them from their context by stylisation. The direct, rich paint is an expression of the vigour of the whole conception, not simply a means of exploiting texture. The same balance has also been kept in terms of the subject matter. It is historical scene without being a period piece. It is moving not because of the red shirts or the flag, but rather because Guttuso has made the Thousand's own conviction convincing. Naturally, it has its faults. In a few places the drawing falters; the "ground-plan" of the figures and horses is sometimes illogical; the sky is a little like a backcloth. But the rare fact remains—that, in every sense, it is a painting which connects instead of isolates.

JOHN BERGER

THE CYCLONE

MISS KATHERINE HEPBURN has captured the town by storm. Not, I imagine, that there was very much resistance. Her films had prepared us for the delightful flavour of her sharply individual personality. The only question for those who hadn't seen her in the medium, was whether this would come over equally effectively on the stage. It does; and the conquest is complete. But it *is* conquest by storm. Acting as if on the principle that if we were given a moment to draw breath we might edge in a "Yes, but . . ." or a "Don't you think . . . ?", she makes sure that as long as she is on the stage—which is most of the time—our breath is taken away completely. But shock tactics have this disadvantage: even the most willing of victims is bound to harbour the faintest grudge against the user of them; and emerging dazed and winded from the theatre a few voices that had earlier been stifled could be heard saying: "Of course she was terrific, but . . ." The doubt is not, needless to say, about her success, nor about her excellence—only about the degree of it. The heroine of *The Millionairess*, it will be remembered, is one of nature's bosses, the daughter of a millionaire, who has inherited such energy, drive and ability that everything she touches succeeds. Everything, that is, except her personal relationships, which fail one after the other, because she will treat people as if they were so much material to bend and shape to her indomitable will. She is a cyclone, and Miss Hepburn certainly gives us a cyclonic performance. But I suppose it might be said that the height of acting would consist, not in being a cyclone, but in giving the impression of one while all the time keeping in complete command. Miss Hepburn's pace is so breathless that the timing of her comedy—and this is very important in the acting of Shaw—is somewhat muzzed. Even this, I suspect, comes from an unwarranted distrust in her ability to capture us. Anyhow, you must not expect refinement of comedy acting at the New Theatre; you must expect, and you will almost certainly enjoy it, the knock-out blow.

Those responsible for this production have had the good sense to surround Miss Hepburn with admirable actors in spite of the fact that their playwright forgot to write in any parts for them. Mr. Cyril Ritchard, Mr. Robert Helpmann, Miss Meriel Forbes, cover up this deficiency as perfectly as possible. Mr. Campbell Cotts has a plumper role as the millionairess's solicitor and he acts it with a ripe and plummy assurance. But there is little to be said for the play itself. Bernard Shaw's decline set in at his weakest point—his sense of form. The early plays are rooted firmly in the conventional pattern of the period, and all he did was to invert the values. Then as his genius ripened, he burst open the forms, and his plays have the kind of inconsequent development of comic opera. In the last period, only the inconsequence remained: the development ceased to occur. This is what has happened with *The Millionairess*. The first act lays out a situation that promises an interesting development; but the succeeding acts stagger inconsequently forward, adding nothing to it. (One of them, the third, in which the millionairess visits a sweater's shop is based on an incident he remembered in the life of Beatrice Webb and is consequently about forty years out of period.) But what never deserted Shaw was his marvellous feeling for theatre, his sense of situation and his timing of the jokes. In his old age he seemed like some old bandit sitting up there with an unused stock of ammunition that he couldn't bear not to loose off. He still had a surprisingly keen eye and a comparatively steady hand. But he couldn't remember any longer quite who the enemy was or what the quarrels were all about.

T. C. WORSLEY

THE MOVIES

"The Importance of Being Earnest," at the Odeon
"Olivia," at the Continentale

In the cinema we have suffered from, rather than enjoyed, Wilde. *An Ideal Husband* was large and vacuous; *The Portrait of Dorian Gray* hardly improved on the mawkishness of its original; other melodramatic or fanciful remnants found their way on to celluloid. But why not—I remember asking from time to time—*The Importance of Being Earnest?* It is Wilde happy and unalloyed, a masterpiece of its kind, or rather I should say on its own, for of stylish farce on this level we can boast no other example. Too stylish, the film barons may have thought; and one has only to look at the horridly gorping posters to see that they advertise something quite different that might turn up on Boxing Day. Will popular acclaim follow? "We all died!"—*Noel Coward.* "Just what the doctor ordered"—*British Medical Journal.* "Funnier than *Gorboduc*"—*New Statesman.* "Made my ribs crack"—*Jack Pye.* But the fact is that Mr. Anthony Asquith has undertaken a transcript that neither vulgarly diminishes nor imparts new polish. It, very agreeably, hands on.

In this achievement two Mr. Asquiths have collaborated, the film-director and the stage-director; or should we put it the other way round? A theatre programme opens, on it appear title and author's name; a lady leans forward in her box; the curtain, lit, begins to rise on Act I; and then in close-up we catch Mr. Michael Redgrave having water poured over him in his bath-tub. For a moment it may seem that we are going to have fun by playing ducks and drakes with the theatre, as a French director in the circumstances might have done. But Mr. Asquith takes the easier way of never again alluding to the theatre while at every moment accepting the theatrical. This is the limitation, and hence-forward the piece will hold to its text, amusing, teasing the eye a little and the ear a lot, and missing a certain elation.

That elation I remember to have been caught perfectly by Mr. John Gielgud in his eve-of-the-war production. After a few moments of Gielgud, cucumber sandwiches were in the air, Bunburyism pirouetted, there was a thunder of Bracknell, and flowerets of speech grew from every side-table and sofa-arm. Never did apparition in deep black so masquerade a Malvolio-like earnestness; and Prism awfully told. I don't think it was only the tensions of the time that gave such a lift to this Gielgud production—including, of course, his own exquisitely mannered performance. The idyll is there, in Wilde. Mr. Asquith just misses it; Mr. Michael Redgrave misses it, very agreeably, by a mile. Dame Edith Evans, of course, triumphs as Lady Bracknell, as she did once with Juliet's Nurse, slewing the whole thing round. I don't know that this play can carry it. It should levitate: the thin passages, then, will be found to tread on air. Mr. Asquith and his brilliant cast (including Miss Dorothy Tutin who, as Cecily, more than holds her own over bread and butter) never raise a foot from the ground. Still, I enjoyed this *Importance*: the wit and the fun are there, and magic descends only once in a decade.

I have left myself scandalously little room for *Olivia*, in which certainly enchantment reigns. How far it embodies the autobiography with that title I don't know, but most sensitively it touches in its picture of loves ("crushes" seems too breezily Anglican a word) and disenchantments in a girls' school; and Miss Edwige Feuillère's headmistress, smiling over the round table and at night reading Racine, anyone would fall in love with. Jacqueline Audry, directing, has gone all out for sweets, without cloying. Witness the start of the Christmas holidays: suddenly the light is colder, the leaves burn, there's a tearful parting, and through the quiet grey trees the cab winding away is chased by children. Here the camera's movements seem inseparable from feeling and charm. WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

RADIO NOTES

Two pieces of historical guesswork invited speculation on the manners and intentions of this sometimes dangerous game. *Fools of Time* by Michael Innes (Third), the less serious if the more elegant, offered an imaginary episode in the most mysterious familiar life in literary history. The time is 1636; the scene Venice, where a young man, doing the Grand Tour with his tutor, falls in with the last sad disreputable days of a ruined gentleman, a Mr. W. H. I imagine that the audience was rather less slow than the Young Lord in deciding on the identity of the old man's long-dead tutor, Master Will, who wrote him certain sonnets (read with spirit by Robert Eddison), and who loved and lost to his pupil a dark lady; and that a little impatience, therefore, at the listening end was permissible. But it was a graceful fantasy, produced by Rayner Heppenstall with a pleasant sense of atmosphere.

The Princes in the Tower, adapted, we were told, from a book by Josephine Tey (the late Gordon Daviot) and produced by Nesta Pain, was a different matter. In form it was a modern detective narrative, but the quarry was an ancient and major one—the rehabilitation, no less, of Richard III. A detective inspector in hospital is impressed by Richard's portrait, and with the aid of an American research student in London, sets out to clear the unloved king of some of his best-known murders. It was cleverly done; apart from the private affairs of the tiresome subsidiary characters, I would not have missed a word of it. But the goodness of the parts (and this includes the production) makes me all the more doubtful about the ethics of the whole; a worse programme, that is, one could more easily ignore. Miss Tey was, I suspect, a sentimentaliser of history—did she not also write *Richard of Bordeaux*? The applying of modern detective methods to historical evidence offers endless possibilities. Yet, thinking of the prominent names of the present century—the present decade, even—I can only express a profound distrust of the fashionable historical whitewashing, and a conviction that it would be better to investigate some of the safer reputations of the past.

Mayhew's *London Labour and the London Poor* must surely be one of the most valuable books to come out of the nineteenth century. The two programmes, *Life Among the London Poor*, compiled from Mayhew by Douglas Cleverdon and Laurence Kitchin, which were broadcast first a year ago and were this week repeated, confirm this feeling. Yet, outside Dickens and the harrowing little stories published by religious societies, where do we find this material in Victorian fiction? Only in street ballads and in songs sung to-day with a humorous slant in Victorian music-hall revivals does it come to the surface; as a result, it has too often a false air of comedy. There was none of this sophisticated incongruity about Mr. Cleverdon's production. Actor and producer caught so well the temper of the Mayhew world, seen with the factual, humane and unsatirical Mayhew eye, that each sketch had a kind of perfection. I recall particularly the girl crossing-sweeper (Diana Maddox); the "purefinder" (Vivienne Chatterton); the young prostitute (Vida Hope); the muffin boy (Wilfred Downing); the snake-swallower (Harry Locke); the street clown (Ernest Jay); and the singing by Archie Harradine.

Fresh from a reading of the phrenological episode in George Eliot's biography, I listened on the Home Service to *Is There Anything In It?*, a programme which promised to throw light on the venerable science, and turned out to do so in an original, entertaining, and rather caddish manner. Original, because the broadcast was actually a recorded meeting of the Medical Students' Club of St. Thomas's, with a professional phrenologist, Mr. Louis Barr, demonstrating to staff and students. Caddish, because the heavy guns were all on the one side. Entertaining, because, "caddishness apart," it really was that. If the unseen hand of Outside Broadcasts was responsible for the smooth running and good timing, not one of the participants failed to rise to his occasion. These were the two guinea-pigs (one a student; one Mr. Freddie Mills); the voice of authority refuting Mr. Barr; and Mr. Barr himself, who dared to be a Daniel among St. Thomas's ravening lions, and in this difficult role maintained to the end a dignified professional calm. The *Radio Times*, too, supplied a helpful phrenological chart, showing the regions of intellect, morals, and (just behind the ear) sex. NAOMI LEWIS

"Dial 'M' for Murder," at the Westminster

The perfect murder—this is the Philosopher's Stone of the people in detective fiction. The young husband (Emrys Jones) in this play is lured on by such a search. A tennis star, he marries his wife (Jane Baxter) only for her money, and has spent a year devising a means of getting rid of her. All he needs, all he is waiting for, is the right accomplice, and chance throws one in his way—a seedy ex-officer (Olaf Pooley) whom he had detected in his first piece of sneak-thieving years ago at school, and whom he has patiently stalked for the last six months ever since he "came out." They plan the crime together, detail by detail, and then we are shown how practice and theory are never quite the same thing. The plan has to be switched, and instead of careful calculation, *ad hoc* improvisation takes over; slips are made and the heavy, patient superintendent (Andrew Cruikshank) slowly closes in. By playing most of his hand open on the table the author, Frederick Knott, multiplies the theatrical effectiveness. Whether the closing scenes would satisfy a real expert in this genre is rather doubtful. The precipitation of the discovery—a matter of soiled pound notes—seemed to me unconvincing, and it was surely a mistake to leave things quite so incredibly late in the day. But the less exacting will find an exciting evening in a play which is also nicely acted and produced.

T. C. W.

Correspondence

SOVIET DEFENCE

SIR,—The ingenious calculations put forward by Mr. Davies raise as many questions as they purport to answer. It is all very well for him to dismiss the *Economist*'s estimates as extreme because that journal assumes that two-thirds of the Soviet national income passes through the Budget, but he must provide much more convincing evidence than a casual reference to Bergson to disprove that assumption. Measured against some of the wilder American guesses, indeed, the *Economist*'s figure is a conservative one. Mr. T. Zavalani, in his recent *How Strong is Russia?*, states that the Soviet Budget absorbs some 82 per cent. of the national income, and if there are fallacies concealed in his figuring I, for one, have been unable to detect them.

But what has all this statistical jugglery to do with what Mr. Davies calls the Great Debate? What the late Government had to take into account was not how much the Soviet Union was spending on arms: it was what that expenditure was yielding in terms of military striking power and to what ends the Soviet Government intended to use that striking power. Mr. Shinwell said last year that the Soviets were able to support 4,600,000 armed men and an annual production of 5,000 tanks and 10,000 aircraft out of their Defence appropriations. If these figures were correct (and personally I would be both delighted and greatly relieved if Mr. Davies or anybody else could prove they were not) the need for a measure of rearmament was clear and immediate.

The argument about the relative percentages of the national incomes of the U.S. and the U.S.S.R. devoted to military expenditure cuts both ways. If the national income of the U.S. is three times that of the U.S.S.R., it must also be borne in mind that it costs about three or four times as much to put an American soldier in the field as a Russian. The Soviet Army carries neither PX's nor padres. Nor does it waste its equipment as does the American. And a Russian soldier's pay does not begin to compare with that of his potential antagonist.

Furthermore, a much larger proportion of the avail-

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able man-power in Western armies is tied up in swollen administrative "tails." In Britain, for instance, it has been estimated that only one soldier in twenty is a combatant: in the Soviet Union it is one in three. In short, whatever is being spent in real terms on arms in the Soviet Union produces armed forces much more formidable than those which hitherto have faced them. This was our problem, and still is.

That America now shows signs of becoming the international rogue elephant I do not deny. That the Soviet Union, prompted no doubt by fear of the Frankenstein's monster she has conjured up in the West, is ready to talk business is obvious. But these recent changes in the international balance of forces cannot obscure the fact that the Soviet Union's conduct, from 1945 to 1950, was intransigent, inexcusable and in the interests neither of the workers of the world nor of those in the Soviet bloc itself.

Cardiff. RAYMOND FLETCHER

SIR,—Mr. R. W. Davies weakens whatever case he may have by adducing in support of his argument Mr. Bevan's assertion that "this year [1952] the U.S.A. will devote to arms fifteen million tons more steel than the total steel output of the Soviet Union" (*In Place of Fear*, p. 159).

The Soviet output of crude steel in 1951 is known to have totalled some 31 million metric tons. It is understood to be larger this year. Adding Mr. Bevan's alleged additional 15 million tons, the United States should this year "devote to arms" upwards of 45 million tons of steel.

Mr Bevan gives no authority for his assertion, and the facts tell a very different story. According to the American Iron and Steel Institute, the United States consumption of *finished* steel for ordnance and other military requirements and for aircraft amounted in 1949 to 110,899 metric tons out of a total consumption of finished steel of 52,710,796 metric tons. The corresponding figures for 1950 were: ordnance, etc., and aircraft, 223,298 metric tons; total consumption, 65,527,691 metric tons; while those for 1951 were respectively 1,225,591 metric tons and 71,602,765 metric tons. The steel used in aircraft goes to civilian as well as military planes; the figures for ordnance and other military uses relate to directly military material alone, and exclude construction, machines, containers, etc.

Converting finished steel to crude steel on the assumption that one-third of the crude steel weight is lost between the ingot (or casting) and the finished steel product used for ordnance, etc., or for aircraft, the American Defence consumption of crude steel amounted to about 175,000 metric tons in 1949, about 335,000 metric tons in 1950, and about 1,840,000 metric tons last year. Corresponding figures for 1952 are, of course, not yet available.

Comparing like with like, he would be a bold man who would try to prove *either* that American Defence consumption of steel increased from 1.84 million metric tons last year to Mr. Bevan's wholly unsupported figure of 45 million metric tons this year; *or* that Soviet consumption of crude steel for armaments fell below two million metric tons in any of the four years 1949 to 1952 inclusive. JULES MENKEN

10 Thurlow Road,
London, N.W.3.

[In an editorial comment on Mr. J. Miller's original article "Soviet Defence" (*N.S. & N.*, June 7, 1952), we argued that Mr. Miller's figures showed "that there are no grounds for suggesting that from 1947 to 1951 there was any significant increase in Soviet military preparations." (We did not say military *expenditure*.) Mr. Miller considers this deduction to be misleading; and certainly the comment should have re-emphasised what is apparent from the figures quoted in the article, that the actual, as opposed to the proportionate, increase in expenditure was fairly substantial. The deductions from these figures are, no doubt, debatable. Mr. Miller, of course, is responsible only for the facts and arguments contained in his signed article.—ED., *N.S. & N.*]

KOREAN POLICY

SIR,—I am glad THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION has declared flatly that unless the U.S. Administration agree to reasonable armistice and peace terms in the Far East, with effective civilian control of the fire-eating American generals and with United Nations, including British, participation in policy decisions becoming a reality instead of a farce, we should withdraw our troops from Korea. That would automatically mean Britain putting forward a policy of her own on these issues in the United Nations and exposing American policy for what it is—clapping the moral halo of the United Nations on the beetle brows of American power politics, because, as Walter Lippman once argued, although the military help obtained through the United Nations is insignificant, its moral cover turns what would otherwise be a "dirty little war" into international action to uphold the Charter against aggression. (I would add, a dirty little war waged by the United States for her own selfish purposes, into which she was rail-roaded by General MacArthur and the China Lobby, and into which she stampeded the United Nations by misusing, if not violating, its Charter.)

I hope, however, that you, Sir, will not stop at advocating this policy with reference to Korea alone. It is high time that the Labour Party repudiated the coalition with the Tories in foreign policy which has brought us to the present pass and to which so many of its leaders remain mistakenly and disastrously loyal. We should assert the same principle with regard to recognising the Government of China and bringing it into the Security Council, since no peace can endure in Korea which is not made with her two great neighbours, China and the U.S.S.R. Nor can peace be made on the basis of outlawing the Communist Party of Korea and their political allies. They must be included in any provisional Government for the whole of Korea set up in order to restore the beginnings of order and civilisation, where the Americans, taking the name of the United Nations in vain and using our conscripts for the purpose, have spread death, destruction, ruin and barbarism on a scale and with a ruthlessness that must make Hitler turn in his grave with envy.

We should say, too, that we will have no more of the policy of reviving German Fascism and militarism and letting loose this plague on Europe again—either the Americans agree to reasonable proposals to the Soviet Government as the basis for negotiations on the unification of Germany, with free elections, but imposing permanent disarmament and recognition of present frontiers, or we refuse to be committed to war under the North Atlantic Treaty or to allow the use of British territory by American forces.

Those who say that we must not do this because an Anglo-American split would provoke a Soviet armed attack on the West are merely painting the devil on the wall—the Soviet Government are not thinking, and never have thought, of a crusade to impose Communism on other countries by force of arms; world revolution by world conquest has never been Soviet policy.

Those who argue that we must be dragged all the way into a world war by the United States for fear of American reprisals if we try to make peace, are the worst kind of appeasers who make a virtue of their cowardice. In point of fact, we should be better off if freed from the trade war and the staggering arms burden inflicted on us by U.S. policy than we are to-day, and much better off than we shall be to-morrow if we go on arming and cold warring.

39 Clifton Gardens, K. ZILLIACUS
London, W.9.

INVERTED EXILE

SIR,—The article "Inverted Exile" in your issue of June 28 gives a frightening picture of the passport restrictions on American citizens wishing to travel abroad. Restrictions in the reverse direction are as important, and apparently at least as indiscriminate; and the increasing number of scientists from Britain, the Continent and the Empire, unable, for reasons often quite obscure, to obtain visas to enter the U.S. has led the 10,000-strong American Psychological Association to announce that the next International Congress of Psychology, in 1954, will be held in Montreal instead of New York "because of the delays and embarrassments which foreign scientists experience in attempting to obtain even temporary admission to this country." I believe this to be the first instance of its kind. Indeed, many scientists are wondering whether any congress in the U.S.A. is likely to be fully representative and to serve the purpose of free exchange of ideas, so long as the present McCarran Law operates.

36 Belsize Court, N.W.3. P. D'A. HART

FARMS AND FOOD

SIR,—In his article on "Farms and Food" in your issue of June 14, Mr. Clifford Selly refers to the price differential in favour of home products. He goes on to quote as "typical" the home and import prices for beef, bacon pigs and eggs. "Typical" of what? If Mr. Selly had added mutton, lamb and pork he would have covered all the foodstuffs where the domestic price is higher than the import price. But he made no reference to the foodstuffs where the reverse is true. Wheat, barley and oats are imported at prices higher than those paid to the British farmer. Our imports of wheat would have cost about £18 millions less in 1951 if they had been bought at the domestic price.

And is Mr. Selly assuming that imported and home-produced beef are of equal quality when he compares their prices?

It is to be hoped that if there is a new Socialist policy for Agriculture it will be based on consideration of all—not a selection of—the facts.

Hitchin, Herts. ARCHIBALD

SIR,—Your correspondent, Mr. Peck, refers to "the absolute necessity of a substantial and permanent increase in home food production"; he refers also to our main difficulty as "the small (and still diminishing) area of agricultural land in relation to our population." There is, however, a generally fertile and predominantly agricultural province within the United Kingdom itself, and one capable of great development: Northern Ireland.

Superficially, there is no reason why Ulster should not largely supplant Denmark as Britain's source of eggs, bacon and butter. But no adequate or even consistent agricultural policy has ever been forthcoming from Ulster's Tory Government.

The Northern Ireland Labour Party is alone in endeavouring to formulate a long-term policy in this direction, despite the fact that its membership is mainly urban. Broadly speaking, the conclusion already reached by us coincide with those outlined by Mr. Selly and Mr. Peck. But, unfortunately, we lack the necessary knowledge to knock these principles into practical shape. There are, moreover, certain fundamental differences between the farming economies of Ulster and of England.

In the first place, our economic structure is now semi-industrial. But with 10 per cent. unemployment in 1952, that structure is beginning to crumble. It is vital that a way should be found of exchanging 50,000 urban unemployed for a higher and more productive population on the land: in itself, no mean problem. Secondly, the small size of our farms must be taken into account. In 1937, only 4½ per cent. of them were over 100 acres. Since the Land Acts, all the farmers own their own land; compulsory nationalisation in any form would be bitterly and universally opposed. Moreover, there is a dour independence ingrained in the Ulster farmer. Although he is often both enterprising and efficient, he has not responded to attempts to introduce co-operative schemes. Finally, there is a chronic lack of capital in Northern Ireland, and not only in the sphere of agriculture.

If Britain needs food, Ulster provides a field for investment at least as fruitful as Africa, and very much more convenient. True, our Unionist Government is unlikely to prove very helpful; but it may not always go unchallenged. It is in that hope that I appeal to those of your readers who have first-hand experience, or specialised knowledge, of experiments in Socialist agriculture, to communicate with me; and thereby to place much-needed information at the disposal of the Northern Ireland Labour Party.

C. E. B. BRETT

The Northern Ireland Labour Party,
105 Royal Avenue, Belfast.

ON PAIN

SIR,—It is evident that Dr. Joad does not know enough about the subject of pain to justify him in writing about it. He will, however, have no difficulty in verifying the following statements:

(1) The literature of physical pain is not sparse. There are plenty of interesting and readable books and articles on the subject, and they are all available to anyone who knows how to use a library.

(2) None of the drugs which he refers to are esoteric (if you can call a drug esoteric). Their actions are fully explained in text books of pharmacology.

(3) Morphine and heroin are extremely effective in removing pain, and this, not sleep-production, is their primary effect. They do not send the sufferer to sleep, except by removing pain.

(4) There are many powerful drugs which produce sleep, and these drugs have relatively little action on pain.

(5) The treatment of pain is one of the most carefully and extensively studied subjects in medicine. To say that pain doesn't interest doctors unless it can be shown to be dangerous, is nonsense.

Dr. Joad can then go on to study the etiology of pain, when he will soon realise that the assignment to every large hospital and clinic of at least one practitioner whose sole business and concern is the relief of pain, has about as much to recommend it as the appointment at every university of a lecturer whose sole business and concern is the study of the letter P in philosophy.

Finally, when Dr Joad says that the pleasure of sex would blot out the pleasure of peppermint creams, I should be interested to know whether or not he has verified this statement experimentally. If not, I commend this to him as an interesting subject for research.

HENRY G. CLARKE

University Union,
Park Place,
Edinburgh, 8.

SLAUGHTERHOUSE CRUELTY

SIR,—The Parliamentary fuss over cruelties involved in the export of horses for slaughter, mentioned by "Critic" in your last issue, is no doubt fully justified; and it does, I agree, tend to show that horses are singled out somewhat for preferential treatment, for matters no less worthy of attention occur in connection with other animals.

I am prompted to mention this because there has recently come to my notice the fact that at a busy slaughterhouse not very far from here (not Carlisle) revolting conditions prevail. My information comes from a farmer who has been an eye-witness of scenes there, and from an R.S.P.C.A. inspector who subsequently went there at my instigation, and has fully endorsed the first description given. It appears that the practice at this slaughterhouse is to drag beasts into the building from a yard outside by means of a rope which is passed through a ring in the floor, whereby the beast can eventually be held down. But before that stage is reached the beast, terrified by the smell and by the sight of blood and the carcases in varying stages of cutting-up hanging around, charges about on the slack of the rope in a frenzy, soiling the carcases with excreta in the meantime (thus in this case there is a sanitary aspect of the matter in addition to the humanitarian one).

Humane killers are, of course, used; but that is by no means enough, for it is obvious that to bring an animal into a place containing carcases and blood must cause extreme terror. It is equally obvious, I suggest, that people who do not care about terrorising animals or otherwise inflicting suffering on them are not very desirable members of a purportedly civilised society, and that the only decent way of keeping and killing animals for food is to give them a reasonably comfortable life and then to kill them without letting them know what is coming to them. There is, incidentally, the further point that terror just before death releases toxic secretions which impair the quality of the meat.

Now this slaughterhouse is kept by the Ministry of Food (before that it was run by the local authority). If a Government department sets an example of that sort, what is to be expected of farmers, auctioneers and others who have to deal with animals?

In this particular case the R.S.P.C.A. say that their report (from their inspector) about this slaughterhouse "reveals a very sorry state of affairs in respect of the method of bringing the animals in for slaughter. This is due to the unsatisfactory layout of the premises. . . ." They have written to the Minister of Food about it, but in view of the attitude of the Government about expenditure on anything except armaments, one cannot be sanguine about the result. Nor is this a singular case, for I have myself seen a slaughterhouse (in Scotland) where the slaughtering is done among the carcases, and it would appear that is not by any means a general rule that the slaughtering is done in a separate place and in good order.

STEPHEN MURRAY

Greenside, Hallbankgate,
Carlisle.

SPANISH TRIALS

SIR,—Recent correspondence in THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION has drawn renewed attention to the wave of political trials of opponents of the Franco dictatorship now taking place inside Franco Spain.

News has now been confirmed that after more than a year's imprisonment and despite a world-wide campaign on their behalf, the trial by Special Military Tribunal of Gregorio Lopez Raimundo, General Secretary of the underground United Socialist Party of Catalonia, and 26 other leaders of the Barcelona general strike of March, 1951, is to commence on Wednesday, July 2.

As part of the campaign waged on behalf of these and other victims of the Franco regime, and with funds donated by National Executives of Trade Unions, Trades Councils, Divisional Labour Parties and other democratic bodies and individuals, it has been possible to have sent to Barcelona as an observer to be present at this trial, Mr. David Widdicombe, M.A., LL.B., Hon. Sec., Fabian International Bureau, together with a British interpreter. Mr. Widdicombe's visit to Barcelona for this purpose has been jointly sponsored by the Society of Labour Lawyers and The International Brigade Association and Friends of Republican Spain, and it is hoped on his return to issue a report on the proceedings to the Labour and Trade Union Movement of Britain.

While it is to be sincerely hoped that the weight of world opinion expressed on behalf of these Spanish democrats will have the effect of saving their lives, previous experience of similar trials points to the inevitability of sentences which in themselves would be tantamount to death sentences unless sufficient further protest action can be speedily mobilised on their behalf.

Telegrams, resolutions and letters of protest on behalf of Raimundo and his companions should be sent immediately to The Minister of Justice, Madrid; The Spanish Embassy, 24 Belgrave Square, London, S.W.1, and to the Foreign Office.

May I also appeal, on behalf of my Association, to the generosity of sympathisers with the struggle of the Spanish people for liberty, for funds with which to further intensify the campaign on behalf of Gregorio Lopez Raimundo and his fellow strike leaders, whose plight, by the very magnitude of the events which have given it world prominence, has become a symbol of that of tens of thousands of political prisoners languishing in Franco's jails.

ALEC DIGGES,
Secretary.

International Brigade Association &
Friends of Republican Spain,
374 Grey's Inn Road, W.C.1.

HANDWRITING

SIR,—In her very kind and appreciative review of my book, *Sweet Roman Hand*, Margaret Lane states that the winners of the Eton-Harrow-Winchester writing competition receive "prizes and a stupendous tea at the hands of Sir Sydney Cockerell, the venerable father of the movement." Sir Sydney, by his tireless enthusiasm and encouragement, has done more than anyone to further the cause of calligraphy in this country; but it is to another keen and munificent patron—Lord Cholmondeley—that we owe the beautiful book and valuable monetary prizes that are awarded annually to the winners of this, the "Cholmondeley Handwriting Competition."

WILFRID BLUNT

Baldwin's Shore,
Eton College.

Which year's model? Ever since 1769 (when a certain French artilleryman fell out of a self-propelled three wheeler) the automobile industry has been planning ahead. What will it offer us in 1962? Gas-turbines seem a probable. Gas-discharge lighting? . . . regenerative braking? . . . stepless transmission? . . . When the next decade's new model rolls off the assembly line, TI technicians will share in the achievement. For then, as now, TI will be ready with many of the parts to make the whole, from the components of the axles and steering columns to the seats of today — or their unheard-of equivalents to come. Ready with the bicycle of 1962, which you might not recognise. Ready with the road signs, which you certainly will.

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Books in General

LOOKING over some old numbers of *Scrutiny* recently, I came on a piece about Beatrice Webb. The writer recorded, as an instance of her percipience, that she met Rupert Brooke once and was not much impressed. Was this really percipience? His looks and bearing at least ought to have impressed her, if she had an eye for a handsome young man. As for his conversation, he was modest, and few of us display our depths in cultural chit-chat with formidable strangers. But that Mrs. Webb's unfavourable impression should be thought worth mentioning, and even critically relevant, is illustrative of the odd persistent grudge that is felt against Brooke's memory. The grudge is directed, perhaps, not so much against a man and a poet, as against a legend; and perhaps not even so much against a legend, as against a mood of self-assurance, which Brooke's life and work seem to typify, and which we feel we can never recapture now. He is the last poet of the age before the cult of neurosis and the invention of *angst*. There was bound, of course, to be a reaction against the official acclamation of his war sonnets. In all accounts of war poetry, he has the role of the fooled idealist who died too soon to discover the truth. Yet the public eloquence of these sonnets is not at all typical of the much more intimate and tentative tone of most of the rest of his verse. And what, rather perversely, puts us off about the rest of his verse is, precisely, its glow of youthful confidence. It is as if we were attending a funeral, and Brooke turned up dressed for a wedding; he moves in a glory, and does not realise it is the glory of sunset.

It is tempting, in fact, to see in Brooke's poetry an unconscious expression (for, living before the age of anxiety, he also wrote before the days of "socially conscious" verse) of the Indian Summer of English Liberalism. The social world into which this young poet fitted, from the first, with so much grace and ease was that familiar to us from Sir Max Beerbohm's cartoons, where the same set of social, political, literary, and artistic personages recur again and again in slightly different groupings. It was a small, coherent, and cultivated world, held together by a certain brilliant amateurism. There were still literary politicians, like George Wyndham, and political men of letters, like Hilaire Belloc. It was a confident world, which did not probe its own foundations. Nevertheless, it was perfectly ready, at least on the Liberal side, to fight to enlarge the lot of the common man. The young Brooke did not find, any more than the Webbs did, that his Fabianism was a social handicap. Probably Socialism was thought of in these days as something to be done for the people, not something to be done by them. The Fabian criticism of society was fundamentally a criticism of machinery, not a criticism of the upper middle-class spirit. Brooke's socialism did not, therefore, at all affect his poetry. He wanted, like many young men of his class and time, the sort of world he was used to, with the more glaring anomalies corrected, and the opportunities distributed more fairly. But poetry, for him, was not about society or politics, but about love, zest, enthusiasm, the immediate organic response. He never seems to have realised what a fragile and artificial world he moved in. England was not at all then, what it is by no means completely now, a democratic country. It had "natural rulers," and Brooke was one of them. That fact partly explains his tone of self-assurance, which today strikes us as pathetic and strange. He is the expression of something immensely vulnerable, which feels that it is perfectly secure.

There were, of course, poetic rebels in these days, though Brooke was not among them. The most notable of them was Ezra Pound. Pound had a rather obscure epigram on Brooke, the point of which, as he explained afterwards in letters, was that, even when a South Sea island princess fell madly in love with him, the handsome young Englishman would go on writing conventional Petrarchan sonnets. It is true that, in spite of the freshness of Brooke's diction and his imagery, he broke no new technical ground. But the importance of merely technical innovation in poetry can be exaggerated. It was just as easy—as, for instance, much of Mr. Aldington's work shows—to be diffuse and sentimental in an Imagist as in a Georgian vein. And, if anything, Brooke's work is *less* typically Georgian than the early work of Graves, Sassoon, and even Wilfred Owen. He was always more interested in human feelings than in bees, birds and flowers. Mr. Graves's development perhaps gives us a hint of the directions in which, if Brooke had lived, he might have grown. In Mr. Graves's early work there is a great deal in a whimsically pretty, and a little in a bucolic, beer-drinking, vein. He is, today, one of the most austere and probing of contemporary poets. But he has never broken with his earliest poetic techniques, he has merely constantly refined them. Mr. Graves, in one of his critical essays, is scathing about what he considers to be Brooke's inflated vogue. Yet, if I had been reviewing their early work together, I might have thought Brooke's the more promising. It has more range. When, in fact, we have accepted the conventional picture of Brooke—to-day's conventional picture, not yesterday's—as a pleasantly obtuse young man embedded in sky-blue cotton wool, we find that the poems themselves again and again contradict it.

Looking through Mr. Keynes's handy new edition of the poems*, with its tactful introduction, I found myself, for instance, lingering over the poem *Heaven*. Here Brooke transfers the vague and wishful arguments of a Liberal Christian Deism (such, I assume, was the essential creed of what Sir Osbert Sitwell has called "The Age of Comfort") to the mouths of fresh-water fish, glimpsed sleepily by the poet on a hot June day:

> This life cannot be All, they swear,
> For how unpleasant, if it were!
> One may not doubt that, somehow, Good
> Shall come of Water and of Mud;
> And, sure, the reverent eye must see
> A Purpose in Liquidity.

Mr. Empson has discussed why this little poem, a favourite anthology piece, does not give more offence. His solution is that we feel so kind and superior about the fish that we do not, at least immediately, take the piece as an allegory about ourselves. Of course, fish are not immortal, but all the same we still might be! Towards the end of the poem, there is a daring touch:

> But more than mundane weeds are there,
> And mud, celestially fair . . .
> Unfading moths, immortal flies,
> *And the worm that never dies.*

The most frightful image from the Christian Hell is transferred, neatly and unobtrusively, to the Fishy Heaven. And the sceptical argument is deftly reinforced; existence, as we know it, consists of some kinds of existence living on other kinds of existence, so it is hard to imagine the conditions of immortal existence. It says a great deal for the light tensile strength of the poem that this idea can be brought in without any jarring, or disturbance of tone.

In other poems, less achieved, we are sometimes struck by imagery that seems to foretell a coming shift of taste:

> Heart, you are restless as a paper scrap
> That's tossed down dusty pavements by the wind.

This was the sort of thing Mr. Eliot was to notice, though he would use it as a symbol, not as a simile. And in *Dining Room Tea*, there are some striking lines in which the furniture of an afternoon is suddenly caught and held in trance-like fixation:

> I saw the marble cup; the tea,
> Hung on the air, an amber stream;
> I saw the fire's unglittering gleam,
> The painted flame, the frozen smoke. . . .

In *The Funeral of Youth* again, in spite of the underlying sentimentality which weakens the overlying irony, there is a genuine dash about the personifications:

> Behind them, broken-hearted,
> Came *Grief*, so noisy a widow, that all said,
> "Had he but wed
> Her elder sister *Sorrow* in her stead"

Brooke certainly had a dangerously facile grace, but he had also moments of concentration.

Such moments show the direction in which Brooke might have grown. There is also certainly much that he might, with advantage, have grown past. His love poems, of which he has a good many, are oddly unsatisfactory. The other person never seems to exist except as an excuse or a provocation; and we feel a rather strained nobility of language making too much of, or at least making something not precise enough out of, what was perhaps fundamentally a youthful fickleness, sensuousness, and capacity for feeling both briefly enthusiastic and suddenly fatigued. There is an unfortunate coyness:

> The way that lovers use is this;
> They bow, catch hands, with never a word,
> And their lips meet, and they do kiss,
> —So I have heard.

The archaic "use" and "do," the "So I have heard," jar. On the other hand, the attempt to be very daring and direct also, for similar fundamentally technical reasons, sometimes comes a cropper:

> As never fool for love, I starved for you;
> My mouth was dry and my eyes hot to see.
> Your mouth so lying was most heaven in view,
> And your remembered smell most agony. . . .

Was her mouth "lying in that position" or "telling lies"? And what is the correct prose

* *Poems of Rupert Brooke.* Edited by GEOFFREY KEYNES. *Nelson.* 4s.

translation of "most heaven" and "most agony"? The very highest degree, or greatest abundance, of heaven and agony, or simply as much heaven and agony as are "in view," available here and now? It makes a difference. Brooke's whole tendency was towards a natural and lively diction, but he wrote in a period when a peppering of inversions and archaisms, and an occasional grandiloquence to show one could bring it off, were still the rule. It is hard, sometimes, to know whether he intends heroics or burlesque:

> . . . we love and gape,
> Fantastic shape to mazed fantastic shape . . .
> Straggling, irregular, perplexed, embossed,
> Grotesquely twined, extravagantly lost. . . .

Yet the failures are interesting, and the interest for me of reading Brooke's work over again is that of watching a young poet struggling to find, through his proper language, his own voice. I think he could be read again with profit. Once again, to-day, the conventions (even those of the Thirties, even the more recent romantic conventions of the last decade) are stale; there is no strong common style for poetry, there are no central and compelling themes. That was Brooke's case also, but he did put himself across. He was not, and perhaps never might have become, a major figure, but his promise was not illusory. The charm and freshness are real.

G. S. FRASER

HADRIAN'S VILLA

He was old, he was tired, he had travelled greatly;
He had climbed Etna to see the dawn break,
Ridden through Tempe, seen Peneus flowing,
Talked down philosophers, questioned astrologers:
Cities and temples rose up in his wake.

Hadrianopolis, Hadrianopolis,
Springing in glory from Athens to the Nile!
Adriana Petra Metropolis,
Hadrianotheræ, Antinoopolis,
Olympian Zeus, Olympian Hadrian,
Emperor in state and god in style.

He had seen all beauty—Thebes and Memphis,
Athens, Palmyra, Northumberland—
("*Ego nolo Caesar esse,*
To roam and build on that mist-bound strand").
He had heard the Memnon moan at sunrise,
And still in his heart that baleful sound
Grieved like the wind for Antinous drowned.

Now, on his hot rough Tibur hill-side,
The haunting world possessed him still.
He must make it his: the Vale of Tempe,
The cool Peneus, the great Lyceum,
The painted Stoa, the Doric columns;
Athens and Egypt rose at his will.
The Canopus flowed between booths of pleasure,
(*Deliciæ Canopi*) to where Serapis
Mused in his shrine, between rill and rill.

Antinous reigned, the risen Osiris,
Hermes, Orpheus, Bacchus, Apollo—
He was each and all of that marble rout
Of gods enshrined in the templed Villa.
He shone, young star in the milky heavens;
Bacchantes acclaimed him with song and shout;
Obelisks and sphinxes ringed him about.

In the vine-sweet hill they sunk dark Tartarus,
Ut nihil prætermitteret, Elysium too.
The extravagant Villa was the universe in little,
The first noble Folly, a shrine of art.
Hadrian, dwelling there, remembered beauty.
He could roam no more as he had used to do.
Gliding down Canopus, he soothed his heart.

ROSE MACAULAY

ISOLATIONISM

The Challenge to Isolation. By WILLIAM L. LANGER and S. EVERETT GLEASON. *Royal Institute of International Affairs.* 60*s.*

One of the commonest illusions is the belief that the policies of the U.S.A. are the outcome of a Great Debate between good and bad Americans. The good Americans, it is held, are Internationalists, men of the Roosevelt-Marshall tradition, who foresaw the futile results of neutrality long ago in the Thirties, and manfully fought against a selfish and purblind public opinion. The bad Americans are Isolationists, who prevented F.D.R. from coming to our aid in 1940 and who would be ready to pull out of Europe in 1952 if Taft could capture the White House.

Anyone who accepts this myth had better read *The Challenge to Isolation*. Messrs. Langer and Gleason have written a uniquely important book. They have been given a free run of all the State Department files, of all American military information relating to the formulation and execution of foreign policy, and of the Franklin Roosevelt Memorial Library. Thus equipped, they have set out in this—the first of two bulky volumes—to record world history from Munich to the destroyer deal in November, 1940, as it was seen, day by day and week by week, by official Washington. Mr. Kennedy from London, Mr. Bullitt from Paris, Mr. Steinhardt from Moscow, and Mr. Grew from Tokyo report their conversations and impressions. Where documents survive (though this, the authors tell us, is not very often), we listen to Roosevelt and Cordell Hull making up their minds. Normally it is only the policy-making of defeated nations which is submitted to this kind of inquest. It is greatly to the credit of the State Department that it should have enabled two such eminent historians to conduct an autopsy on its living body.

The peculiar value of *The Challenge to Isolation* is that it finally destroys the myth, constructed simultaneously from both extremes—by British admirers as well as by American detractors—that Roosevelt was in advance of public opinion in discarding neutrality. In 1936 he had said, "We are not isolationists except in so far as we seek to isolate ourselves completely from war"; and he held to this doctrine throughout the phoney war. As Sumner Welles put it to Halifax, the U.S.A. had decided to adopt "an attitude of contemplation." Nor is it true that Roosevelt had consistently opposed appeasement before May, 1940. On this point Messrs. Langer and Gleason correct Mr. Churchill, who, in the first volume of his *War Memoirs*, castigated Mr. Chamberlain for rebuffing a secret offer by Mr. Roosevelt to intervene in January, 1938. "That Mr. Chamberlain, with his limited outlook and experience of the European scene," writes Mr. Churchill, "should have possessed the self-sufficiency to wave away the proffered hand stretched out across the Atlantic leaves one, even at this date, breathless with amazement"; and he goes on to suggest that this was the last straw which led to Mr. Eden's resignation. Perhaps it was Mr. Chamberlain's self-sufficiency which enabled him to understand Mr. Roosevelt's self-sufficiency better than Mr. Eden or Mr. Churchill. For these American historians make it clear that the President had none of the bold purposes which Mr. Churchill attributes to him; he was not in the least prepared to "run great risks in his own domestic politics by deliberately involving the United States in the darkening European scene." Indeed, he wrote to Mr. Chamberlain a few days after Munich: "I fully share your hope and belief that there exists to-day the greatest opportunity in years for the establishment of a new order based on justice and on law." In the Pacific too his policy was appeasement. With the support of the War Department and General Marshall, he opposed the fortification of Guam in February, 1939, for fear of upsetting Japan; and this policy was maintained even after the fall of France. When Japan demanded that Britain should close the Burma Road, Mr. Churchill appealed to the U.S.A. to help maintain the *status quo* by imposing an embargo on the American exports of scrap and machine tools, on which the Japanese Army entirely depended. Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Hull resolutely refused to do anything so risky. Even gallant little Finland was encouraged to resist Russia but sternly forbidden to borrow a single dollar with which to buy arms.

The fact is that the Great Debate has always been between men with differing conceptions of how to put America first. During the phoney war the difference between the President and his critics was narrow. Both sides wanted neutrality; but, whereas the Isolationists were indifferent to the outcome of the European conflict, the President tried to be "neutral again the Axis." Then came the fall of France and the Battle of Britain.

Roosevelt, like the rest of his countrymen, suddenly realised that the *Pax Britannica* had disappeared and, with it, American security. He remained a convinced neutralist but came to the conclusion that the best chance of staying neutral was to keep Britain in the field. His opponents were not merely the Isolationists in Congress. They included Mr. Marshall and the Joint Chiefs of Staff who were instinctively distrustful of Europeans, particularly Englishmen, and preferred to give priority to building up their own armed forces and those of the Latin-Americans. History was to vindicate Roosevelt against the Isolationists. But his motives were not those which both Mr. Churchill and the America Firsters attributed to him. He was not a far-sighted statesman trying to drag the U.S.A. into accepting its responsibilities as a belligerent. On the contrary, he remarked in private conversation to Morgenthau, when the Battle of Britain was just beginning, "If we want to keep out of this war, the longer we keep the British going, that much longer we stay out of this war."

Nothing better illustrates the contrast between the President's real motives and those which legend attributes to him than the destroyer deal. Mr. Churchill was anxious, for the sake of

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JONATHAN CAPE

British public opinion, that there should be no suggestion of anything so mercenary as a bargain. The joint communiqué should give the impression that the U.S.A. had spontaneously offered fifty destroyers to Britain, and Britain, equally spontaneously, had decided to lease certain bases to the U.S.A. Roosevelt was irritated and shocked by this English hypocrisy. He felt no compunction whatsoever at exploiting the desperate bargaining position of an almost unarmed country, fighting for its life. On the contrary, it was a bull point in putting the deal over to Congress that he had got the bases dirt cheap.

To see Roosevelt as he really was—and not as Mr. Churchill and the Republicans have combined to portray him—is not to detract from his qualities as a popular leader. The U.S.A. was bound to remain neutral so long as she felt secure. What happened between 1940 and Pearl Harbour (and once again when the Truman Doctrine was announced in 1947) was not a victory for internationalism over isolationism but "a revolution from a belief in security to a dread of to-morrow." This brought with it a change from neutrality based on irrational optimism to a policy of containment based on equally irrational fear. During the period of neutrality the issue of the Great Debate was not *whether* but *how* to remain neutral; to-day, it is not whether to contain Communism, but how and where that containment should take place. The Isolationists (as always) tend to distrust alliances and want to arm America first, whereas the Internationalists (as always) see the expediency of fighting to the last European. But whoever becomes President next November, the idea that the Americans might "go Isolationist" if we stand up to them, is a bogy. There is no chance that the U.S.A. will pull out of Europe until the fears which prompt the policy of containment are shown to be as unfounded as the hopes on which neutrality was based.

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CHINDITS AND ESCAPERS

Prisoners of Hope. By MICHAEL CALVERT. *Cape.* 16*s.*

The Happy Hunted. By GEORGE CLIFTON. *Cassell.* 21*s.*

Escape to Captivity. By PETER HARTLEY. *Dent.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

There are few things which indicate more directly the gulf between us and the unlamented Thirties than the type of war book which can now be almost guaranteed a good readership. Certainly the what-we-endured, war-is-hell variety so popular two decades ago has again made its appearance. But in Britain, at any rate, the majority of successful war books are being written by those alleged brutes from whom most of the public and nearly all the intelligentsia would have recoiled in horror during the MacDonald-Baldwin-Chamberlain peace. Regular soldiers! The potential Fascist in our midst! It is possible that some of these men were potential Fascists. They were also very useful.

Michael Calvert, the author of *Prisoners of Hope*, is a regular soldier, very bluntly a regular soldier. His book is an expansion in sixty thousand words of field records, and it is not a "literary" expansion. There is no verbal purple, no infusion of human warmth, no little vignettes of home background to place his characters against that setting of warfare in the Burma jungles. This is a teaching record of action seen through the eyes of a field Commander, with the author evolving no style for his narrative beyond an antiseptic economy. The treatment suits the material, suits it so well that before long the taut phrasing becomes a positive pleasure, a refreshment in these days when a minor flair in the use of words is very nearly the automatic concomitant of any form of higher education.

There is little room in *Prisoners of Hope* for deviations to woo the reader, and when Calvert does deviate he is almost guilty about it, snatching space from his textbook to toss brief asides at us:

> I must say I like elephants. . . . I have been off dogs since I saw a cocker spaniel eating a man's face in Mandalay. . . . Other 'officer type' dogs were eating other corpses of refugees killed by Jap bombers. I especially like to see a string of elephants head to tail, each with its separate sounding bell, as they syncopate off into the jungle.

The author is driven by his thesis, his desire to vindicate Wingate's theory that any large-scale airborne penetration into enemy territory must involve the use of a carefully constructed fortress base which must be made impregnable. Calvert made his fortress in the jungle impregnable. It stood up to Japanese attack and was supplied from the air by an almost continuous shuttle service which allowed the evacuation of wounded. In the Burma campaign the Wingate strongholds appear to have been a success. But surely in any future all-out war they would provide the most perfect target for one of the new smaller atomic bombs; a fact which would seem to make this book little more than an exceptional record of a type of warfare unlikely to be used again.

Brigadier George Clifton is driven by no desire to write a textbook on fighting or on his other achievement, escaping from prison camps. The author of *The Happy Hunted* obviously enjoyed his war, finding it a positive relief from the long frustration of being a regular Army officer in New Zealand. He writes with bouncing zest of a period which begins on the day his war was declared in Auckland and ends shortly after his ninth attempt to escape was successful and he reached the American lines in Germany during the advance on Berlin. In between is the campaign in North Africa, then Greece and its evacuation, then Africa again, all described in breathless prose with apologies to the reader for any necessary technicalities. Clifton was captured in the desert, interviewed by Rommel, escaped, captured again and once more met the German General. On the strength of these meetings Rommel is labelled "a good man and an outstanding soldier."

Almost as soon as he landed in Italy, Clifton was off on an attempted escape which took him nearly to the Swiss border; back in the Gavi fortress he helped to organise a mass attempt which involved countless prisoners stowed away in drains, under stone stairs and in wood piles, but which, unfortunately, did not quite come off. Yet another attempt—from a train bound for Germany this time—resulted in an hysterical guard shooting the Brigadier at point blank range. The bullet, as might be expected with Clifton, made some wild lunges about inside his body, but finally, finding nothing vital, came to rest in his stomach muscles.

As a prisoner-of-war, Brigadier Clifton apparently came on only two types of fellow prisoners, the "rabid escapist" and the "keep fit, keep sane majority." Before the end of this gusty, readable book it was a little difficult not to feel sympathy swinging over towards the keep fit, keep saners. Heroism, when it is endemic, loses some of its virtue.

Peter Hartley, author of *Escape to Captivity*, is the amateur soldier competing with a brace of professionals. And Hartley's story is of a very different type of action, keeping alive as a prisoner of the Japanese when the odds are all on death. Unfortunately for the author, although his locale—Sumatra—is new, similar experiences have been told so often in print since 1946 that every incident now seems like an echo of something heard before. Mr. Hartley is too scrupulous to colour fact with present fancy and so achieve a journalistic *tour de force*. He has written honestly and usually simply, although at times there is a certain verbal booming reminiscent of the well-chosen illustration delivered from the pulpit. But the book remains a not remarkable contribution to the ever-increasing pile of writing on Japanese prison camps. Nor is Mr. Hartley unique in that he went into prison camp believing in God and emerged still believing in Him. So did a few thousand others.

OSWALD WYND

TO THE NORTH

Skoal Scandinavia. By EDWARD STREETER. *Hamish Hamilton.* 18*s.*

Scandinavia. By ERIC DE MARÉ. *Batsford.* 21*s.*

Sweden (The Blue Guides). Edited by L. RUSSELL MUIRHEAD. *Benn.* 25*s.*

These books make up a complementary assortment for intending tourists: what one might call the threefold way. *Skoal Scandinavia* will readily be spotted as the light work. There is the name, straight off, and then there is the author's past—for instance, *Father of the Bride*. He is a New York banker by profession, but a comic spirit in his free time; and now the jacket innocently fears that though he started out to write a book about Scandinavia, "he will end up once more by making people laugh." In his defence, it may be said that he is better qualified to make people laugh.

This is not meant as an attack, which would be quite unjust. He is by no means grindingly facetious, and his basic attitude is not facetious at all. He didn't pick on Scandinavia for laughs. His tour—an automobile round of Norway, Sweden and Denmark—was ardently conceived, and closely plotted in conjunction with the best brains, so that he, George and their respective wives might squeeze the unforgiving minute to the last gasp. Moreover, he had read things up, and had a brace of volumes on the front seat. Clearly his manners as a tourist were impeccable. And he is just as scrupulous in print; he wouldn't dream of guying the Scandinavians, or only in the mildest way. The jokes are furnished by his own group; and a prevailing theme is the sex war, which rapidly became a stand of wives against the seeworthy (as it is called up there) in any guise whatever.

Well might they flag; it was a drive of thirty-seven hundred miles, with three new countries to explore, in fifty-three days. Yet in his native land it would appear that Mr. Streeter may be charged with dawdling. He owns that Scandinavia is small, that distances were short—but still, he says,

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it was a tight fit. Still, if the time had been prolonged, they would have tried to go more places.

As a result, all four were semi-permanently whacked. Even in Norway they were dozing at the wheel, and soon their height of pleasure was to throw themselves on a hotel bed. The Norway section is the happiest—because at that stage they were not so tired, and also, I should think, because the landscape is sensational and the historic sights are further between. For to enjoy historic sights, and certainly to write about them, rather more is required than goodwill and a batch of guide-books. At Uppsala or Visby, Mr. Streeter is a mere joke. But he is shrewd, though ignorant, about the human scene; of course he can't tell why, but he is thoroughly alive to what. He is appreciative and unbiased; and I needn't say that he is good fun.

Mr. de Maré's book would be the perfect contrast if it were less readable. This is the man who knows. He is pure Swedish by descent, grew up in London in a Swedish household, and has both lived and worked in Sweden. On top of that he is an architect. So he is most communicative and at home where Mr. Streeter is a dead loss. He can explain, in expert and familiar detail, not merely how things are but how they came to be like that. Here all three countries are described in depth. There is a comprehensive sketch of "Land and Livelihood," and then of "History and Heritage"—meaning by heritage especially the visual arts, with building in the first place. When we go on to the "direct experience"—a four not comprehensive but selected. And here again the stress is notably on building. It also gets the lion's share of the photographs, which are superb; though Mr. Streeter's volume has a fair supply, they come commercially in batches and are much less taking, and often unidentified. But here we always know, because the author knows, exactly what's what.

Of course, it is his all-but-native country that supplies the cream. Denmark and Norway suffer by comparison. Of them he has much less to say, and what he says is relatively flat and guide-book; in Sweden he is four-dimensional. Yet simultaneously he has *almost* a detached view: almost, because I think one can detect some bias of a subtle kind. Take his concluding psychological analysis. It is in the Swedish psyche that he finds a tension, a profound *malaise*; and he ascribes it to the Welfare State. (My own impression is that they have had it for a great while.) But then he adds that as the most neurotic of the Nordic peoples, they bear the palm for sensibility and interest: which is of course debatable. So is the charm of landscape in the different countries. Mr. de Maré naturally loves his own; and one would never guess that to some tastes, after a lengthy spell of it, the Danish landscape seems to have been made in heaven. Nor do his photographs of Denmark give the idea, whereas the "Central Swedish Landscape" is excellent. Of the Norwegian scene he writes with a respectful horror; almost, he leads one to suppose that the Norwegians feel the same way.

But all this only means he can provoke discussion. Once, however, he is quite wrong. He tells us that the days of Baedeker are past, and "readers will not now expect such practical knowledge as the traveller of the 1880's could obtain . . ." But that is just what they will find in the Blue Guide: knowledge of every kind, with prices, maps, itineraries, and in short the works. This little book will take them everywhere in Sweden, and tell them everything that should be seen. And it alone will take them to the Far North.

K. JOHN

CITIES AND A CITY

Towns and Buildings. By STEEN EILER RASMUSSEN. *Liverpool University Press.* 21*s*.

The Georgian Buildings of Bristol. By WALTER ISON. *Faber.* 50*s*.

Any book is welcome which tends to treat of towns unsentimentally and with a passion for discovering their essence as form, objectively, rather than in terms of association. From the Danish architect, Steen Eiler Rasmussen, one expects such a book, and a good one at that, for he was the author of *London, the Unique City*, which, appearing in 1934, is still the freshest, most perceptive general study of our own capital. His new book is a set of essays on the history of town-planning, grouped so as to convey, in a series of small, clear vignettes, each interesting in itself, something of the whole drift of the subject. He starts with Peking and ends with Le Corbusier. There are essays on sixteenth-century Rome and seventeenth-century Paris, on Paris and London compared, on Haussmann's Paris, on several aspects of Copenhagen and on the towns of Holland.

The essays are personal. They are not so much investigations into historical situations as sketches from the author's own experience of the history of towns and of towns themselves. This approach is in harmony with the way the book is illustrated. There is not a single photograph, but on every page are exquisitely neat little sketches and diagrams to which reference is constantly made. Nothing could possibly be clearer. In fact, if a book of this kind could be too clear, too fastidious in making each separate point, this is; and the adult reader is sometimes made to feel a little impatient. There is nothing on the jacket to warn us that we are reading a book for the young and, so far as the subject-matter goes, we are not. But Mr. Rasmussen is evidently "writing down" to somebody or other, and the inclined style is injurious to adult pride and, surely, devastating to that of adolescence. Apart from this curious aberration, the book can be recommended for its many imaginative and instructive side-lights on town-planning history and as an entrancing specimen of Danish book-production.

With Mr. Walter Ison's book on Bristol we pass from the very general to the extremely particular. Mr. Ison is the author of an admirable survey of the architecture of Bath, published four years ago. Now he turns his attention to the larger and much more complex western city and gives us, alas! a smaller book. This means that whereas he was able to present a real portrait of Bath, built up of minute, hard-won detail, he can give us only slices of Bristol on the same scale. Knowing Bristol, with its fascinating contours and romantic topography, is a condition of enjoying the book, which is mostly a biographical and descriptive catalogue of architects and buildings and provides little to help the stranger to visualise the city as an organism. One looks in vain for a dated map of the kind which added so much to one's enjoyment of the Bath book.

Architecturally, this is mainly a study in the second-rate; but what fun the second-rate can be! Take William Paty's Christ Church, whose steeple shows just exactly how not to borrow from the works of Gibbs, but whose interior, for all its technical shortcomings, has breath-taking flow and elegance. Or take Clifton's Paragon, a crescent built out from the side of a hill, bastion-wise, instead of into the hill like the Bath crescents. What a stroke of imagination! Or a fluke; for Mr. Ison points out coldly that the convex sweep is simply a repetition of standard house-fronts, nor can he produce, from behind the scene, any more probable receptacles of genius than a speculating attorney and a bankrupt builder.

Most of Mr. Ison's architects and builders are nonentities, more or less. But it is important that we should know about them, for a book like this provides valuable insight into Georgian life at the level where architecture is produced

THE POLITICAL QUARTERLY

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not by cultured noblemen and inspired geniuses but by a gross mix of everyday snobbery, jobbery and common sense. This is the level of Halfpenny and his cheap-and-easy textbooks; of Bridges, who came from Pennsylvania, built the Royal Fort and two churches and then packed off again to the West Indies in disgust at his treatment over Bristol Bridge; of the able and ubiquitous Paty family; and of F. H. Greenway. Greenway's story is extraordinary. Having built the Clifton Hotel and Assembly Rooms, he got into difficulties, forged a contract, just escaped the gallows and was transported for life. Today, Australia honours him as the father of her architecture.

It is not easy to find out about such characters as these, and Mr. Ison sets an example of patient inquiry which deserves to be followed in other English cities. Now that Georgian architecture is becoming almost over-encrusted with prestige, we need our Isons to dust it down and switch on the light of historic fact—especially if the light is sometimes unkind. JOHN SUMMERSON

NEW NOVELS

The Inmates. By JOHN COWPER POWYS. *Macdonald.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

The Closed Harbour. By JAMES HANLEY. *Macdonald.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

The Rescuers. By P. B. ABERCROMBIE. *Derek Verschoyle.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

It is more than sixty years since the three Powys brothers, whose affectionate difference from each other was only exceeded by their collective difference from the rest of mankind, confronted green nature in the garden of Montacute Vicarage. To Theodore Francis the English countryside was a moral allegory, to Llewellyn a reality of sensual joy, to John Cowper (the genius of the three) it was both and more. His obsessional pondweeds and lichened tree-stumps became keys to the abyss and empyrean of spirit and flesh. He was interested in people, too; for they seemed, to him, vegetable or inanimate objects, monstrously endowed with motion and passion, and thoughts like his own. He learned to write by speaking. Twenty years of lecturing on the pleasures of literature to non-academic audiences in America taught him the courage of rhetoric and improvisation, of acting personally upon his recipients rather than appealing to accepted standards of art and criticism; and he has remained, as he says, the "old lecturer-actor." In the Middle West of America he remembered the Middle West of England, and came home, already in his late fifties, to write the Dorset and Somerset novels of his belated maturity—*Wolf Solent*, *A Glastonbury Romance*, *Jobber Skald* and *Maiden Castle*. Now, on the Welsh hillside that produced his historical romances, *Owen Glendower* and *Porius*, he reads the language of the Powys kings, his ancestors, and the Loeb Odyssey, and acquires protracted youth by boiling his seventy-nine years in the cauldron of Ceridwen.

There are few experiences available to the contemporary reader so strange and rewarding as the descent into the Platonic cavern of a Powys novel. The cave is the material world; the enormous and terrible characters who inhabit it seem shadows cast by good and evil and the Comic Spirit from a real world outside. Mr. Powys is our only twentieth-century descendant of the great nineteenth-century romantics, of the line of Dostoevsky, the later Dickens and the later Hardy. He is, I believe, and confess that so far this is a minority view, one of the two living English novelists of genius (the other being Mr. Henry Williamson), in the old, dying and real sense of the word. If he is scandalously neglected, it is because in the marching column of present-day writers he is almost the only one in step. "Monsieur Poop thinks him a fool," as Stevie Smith has said, "but this old man is wise and sly, he knows the truth, he tells no lie." There is, to my mind, no living sage better qualified to teach his grandchildren to suck the egg of the universe.

The Inmates is Mr. Powys's first novel since *Maiden Castle* (1937) to be set outside Wales and in the modern world. "What I've tried to do in this tale," he says in his preface, "is to invent a group of really mad people who have the fantastic and grotesquely humorous extravagance that, after all, is an element in life," and "to defend the crazy ideas of mad people as against the conventional ideas of sane people." It is an old man's novel, but that is one of its special pleasures and powers; he walks with a stick, which he also uses to lay about him; he is now more interested in ideas than in persons. His characters are embodiments of the unaccepted but disquietingly true-seeming beliefs that have put them behind walls; yet they have an overpowering physical presence.

One may succeed in forgetting the philosophies of Mr. Lordy, Mr. Pantamount and the rest, but one is unlikely ever to forget what it was to sit with them, among the warders, at asylum-tea. The inmates compulsorily inhabit a looney-bin called Glint ("this cosmic hall"), which is surrounded, like Tartarus, by a wall and a river. They are prodigiously comic and alarming characters, as touching as they are touched. There is a strange and beautiful love-story between a typical Powys hero and heroine: a hero, that is, who is bony-faced and cunning, like his author, and sees everywhere in the phenomenal world intimations of spiritual power, enjoyment and danger; and a heroine who is at once a projection of the hero's desires, and an emanation of the powers he cultivates. There is a series of appalling encounters (though these, too, like the characters, tend to be comic) with derangement and evil; and depths of the soul to which only Mr. Powys knows the entrance are plumbed, possessed and colonised. But the main purpose of the work is the chain of dialogues with the mad. To the lunatic alone does the world of matter become, by privilege, non-existent or symbolic; everlasting truths begin where everyday sanity ends; the inmates are sound philosophers, and it is the vivisecting Doctor and the sadic warder who are stark, raving mad, unfit to be let out. Only after this symposium, when each patient has had his full say, and a kind of anthological metaphysics of the insane has thus been constructed and roofed in, tile by loose tile, do they all escape to America in a largish helicopter before which Freud would have blanched and blushed. Monsieur Poop would not think *The Inmates* a good book; it breaks all the rules and reaches all the sources. I have relished no novel so intensely since the same writer's *Porius*.

The Closed Harbour is the novel of a False City (to use Auden's terminology), the scorching, glaring, noisy city of Marseilles. The false city is also a false sea, of sound-waves and tidal crowds, whose trams are ships that set only one course, there and back. The real sea borders it, not only the Mediterranean to be found on maps, but the Hanley sea that bears and drowns men's hope and cruelty, an aspect of the Enchafèd Flood. The harbour looks not inward to home, but outward to liberty and honour, and to the hero it is closed from the inside, in time as well as in space—"Days crawl over me like bugs," he says. Marius has murdered his sister's son, sunk his ship, and lost his captain's ticket. A new ship means freedom and manhood regained, divine forgiveness; and in a world where everyone knows his story, despises him because he is soul-sick, refuses him in proportion to the greatness of his need, he will never get one. Afloat he is a Jonah, on land we may call him Ishmael. "I am a Captain of ships," he cries, and so, in his indomitable despair, he remains; he is a figure worthy of Melville, a fallen angel, a monument of man's grandeur in defeat. *The Closed Harbour* is a tense and glorious book, full of poetry, pity and humour; in the interfused skill and imagination of its execution it shows French as well as English virtues.

The Rescuers is a promising and distinguished first novel. The narrator, an airman on demobilisation leave, still suffering from the terror of his final crash, listens every evening to the serial confessions of Dolly, his best friend Peter's wife. She is, apparently, a vague and mild young woman, but it is something more than contrast with her harsh and rowdy friends that makes her mysterious. In the end there seems nothing left

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II. THE "OBJECTS" OF HISTORICAL KNOWLEDGE. Patrick Gardiner, M.A.
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to reveal, yet the mystery is deep as ever; the only change is, that the narrator now finds himself involved in it. It is refreshing, in this day and age, to find a novelist devoting immense patience—the reader's as well as her own—to the examination of personal relationships, mapping their elusive, submarine contours in conversation that is intentionally remote from the spoken word, as formal as the soliloquy-dialogues in *The Waves*. How did the term "Bloomsbury" ever come to mean the arty and eccentric, when it should suggest the writer's shaping of imagination with intelligence, an assertion of the claims of restraint and pattern, a call to order? Miss Abercrombie is a new Bloomsbury novelist.

GEORGE D. PAINTER

SLUM CHILD

A Walker in the City. By ALFRED KAZIN. *Gollancz*. 12*s*. 6*d*.

This short and intense book describes a return journey to a childhood in the lowest ghetto of New York City, by a man who thought of only one thing: to get out of it, and now cannot but remember its piquant horrors and garishness with unreasonable regret. The theme is common in American literature. The poor immigrants arrive. The stunned old grandparents die off appalled; the next generation face the struggle for survival and accept a process of spiritual stunting. Their fading consolation is their memory of Europe; their hope is to bear children who will be adapted to the new environment. But the children, who do not bear the guilt and the shame of foreignness, are themselves puzzled by the drive of American life. The question is on what level will they decide to succeed or adapt themselves. The end, in a large number of autobiographies, is that they become no more than average citizens who have rapidly acquired a skin-deep personality. Undistinguishable and secure in the herd, as individuals—at any rate when a European observes them—they seem easily to fall to pieces and are readily subject to violence. Their vitality saves them. But the uprooting of people is not a purely American fact; it is general in the world. The passage from one class or one dispensation to another is an agony in England, as it is elsewhere, and if the kind of experience Mr. Kazin describes has the exotic pungency of a New York slum, he writes many pages that have an application here. In a brief, more brittle and local way, his book is in the tradition of Henry Adams, a sort of footnote; for its merit is that it shows the making of a mind, an imagination and a distinctive spirit, and is not primarily a story of nostalgia and success. A critic by profession, Mr. Kazin has the habit of criticising his experience.

Brownsville is being rebuilt nowadays, like London's Bermondsey or East End. In Mr. Kazin's time it was a slum on the verge of the rubbish dumps of the city into which the poor Negroes and gypsies were seeping. From its crumpled, well-known streets, the subway to New York seemed to tunnel into a foreign land. This is a book of city landscapes, smells and emotions:

> I miss all those ratty little wooden tenements, born with the smell of damp in them, in which there grew up how many school teachers, city accountants, rabbis, cancer specialists, functionaries of the revolution and strong arm men of Murder, Inc.; I miss that affected squirt who always wore a paste diamond on his left pinky and one unforgettable day taught me to say *Children* for *Kids*; I miss the sinister "Coney Island" dives where before, during and after the school day we anxiously gobbled down hot dogs soggy in sauerkraut and mustard, and I slid along the sawdust floor fighting to get back the violin the tough guys always stole from my locker for a joke; I miss the poisonous sweetness I used to breathe from the caramels . . .

Mr. Kazin, in short, misses what we all miss in childhood. He is not quite the case he thinks he is, for it is sentimental to believe that there is a great difference between the rich child and the poor one. The rich child might equally pity himself for the drive to conformity with the severe standards of his class and, in our generation, has commonly done so. What he does not suffer is the attack on the poor immigrant's language, the forcing of a child into the desirable accent of a foreign race and religion. Mr. Kazin was in fact a stammerer and had to undergo a double course of cure and incitement. And then, for him, there was the question of ambition. He was driven by the dual force of Jewish intensity and American eagerness; he was twice an outsider, and it was a matter of life and death for him at school not to idle. He would not be ashamed to be called a prig. The school teachers rammed "good English," the vital need of being "all right" or else sinking, into his head. They were fitting Brownsville to get out of Brownsville, but here a conflict inevitably started. There was the command to "rise," but there was the instinctive search for the good, secure society in which the distorting effort of "rising" would not be necessary. What, in any case, about those who were left behind? Brownsville was a furious and vocal place during the Depression, and it is remarkable that Mr. Kazin, whose temperament was literary and, I think, non-political, should give a vivid and moving account of these times. The dogmas, hatreds and battle cries of the political speakers stirred up like so many street shows, but the real education of Brownsville took place in the endless arguments that started up on the outskirts of the meetings.

Mr. Kazin describes a real conversion. He was by nature an artist and his spirit was formed slowly by music and literature, memories of which his parents and relations had brought from Poland and Russia. The Bible completed, almost in a flash, what seems to be a Christian conversion. He was re-created less by pressure than by language, images and sounds. Looking back he is able to observe what his parents gained and lost in America: they had left the pogroms and the persecutions yet the calm orthodox dignity had gone and "since I had in any event to suffer it all again . . . I often felt twinges of jealousy because my parents could talk about that more intense, somehow less *experimental* life than ours with so many private smiles. It was bewildering. It made me long constantly to get at some past nearer my own New York life, my having to live with all those running wounds of a world I had never seen."

If Mr. Kazin's sensibility is instructive, it suffers from the inevitable emphasis of special pleading when one compares his accounts of himself with his excellent portraits of other people. His parents, too anxious to "love," his pleasant, wise, feckless father, his peasant mother ashamed of her pleasure in the foolish luxury of the cinema, the Russian cousins with their quaint manners and advanced views, the tragic casualties of immigration like the Solovey pair, wanderers from subtler civilisations who were proud of their defeat, lovers who had spent their love and still lived only for each other—these people are drawn with tenderness and fine perception. The passage describing the boy's admiration of Mrs. Solovey is the high moment of the book. Elsewhere it suffers, as it gains, from the undue self-regard which only genius may avoid, but not the the critical mind. It is the curse upon the uprooted man that, brilliant as he is likely to be, he has to make the best of being a case. Mr Kazin's best is earnest and delicate.

V. S. PRITCHETT

GRAMOPHONE NOTES

Symphonies and Concertos. MOZART: No. 19, E flat major, K 132 (Stuttgart Orch/Michael); No. 21, A major, K 134 (Stuttgart Orch/Lund. *PLP 538); No. 24, B flat major, K 182 (Stuttgart Orch/Michael); March, F major, K 248, and Divertimento No. 10, F major, K 247 (Stuttgart Orch/Lund. *PLP 545). Composed in 1772, both Nos. 19 and 21 have curious and interesting features. No. 19 uses the Andantino grazioso (considered by Köchel as an earlier recension) instead of the more usually played Andante in three-eight rhythm. No. 21 is distinctly Italianate in style and dispenses with oboes. The Divertimento, to which the little March is thought to have originally belonged, is an enchanting medley with a strikingly beautiful Adagio in B flat. The performances are quite neat, but without much

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subtlety of phrasing or dynamics. The string tone is thin and the recording rather dry, but the discs are on the whole serviceable introductions to some beautiful and rarely heard music. MENDELSSOHN: Symphony No. 1, C minor, Op. 11 (Stuttgart Orch/Hoogstraten. *PLP 228). In order of composition, this is really Mendelssohn's 13th symphony (the former twelve were not published). It was written in 1824, when the composer was seventeen, and is a work of much youthful charm, Weberian in style, with a delicate sense of woodwind timbres. The recording is somewhat harsh and ill recessed. MOZART: Piano Concerto G major, K 453 (Kirkpatrick/Dumbarton Oaks Chamber Orch/Schneider); Violin Concerto, D major, K 218 (Schneider/Ditto. *HLP 1040). The solo in the first of these concertos (one of Mozart's finest) is played on an early piano the tone of which is half-way to that of a harpsichord. The effect, which might have been merely arty, is curiously attractive, for the performance, though a little on the slow side, is in most beautiful style. In particular, it is a joy for once to hear the woodwind parts stand out so clearly. Alexander Schneider gives a much more sensitive and musicianly reading of the D major Concerto than Heifetz (HMV). The recording of both works is well balanced and agreeable. MOZART: Concerto for flute and harp, C major, K 299 (Mess/Wagner/Stuttgart Orch/Lund); Horn Concerto No. 1, D major, K 412 (Görmer/Ditto. *PLP 544). Though not ideally recorded, this performance of the Flute and Harp Concerto is preferable to the Beecham issue (HMV), which is rather acid in tone. The first Horn Concerto, not hitherto available on records, is a gay and pretty, but extremely slight, work in two movements. The hornist is an accurate player, but his tone, as recorded, is rather hollow.

Miscellaneous Orchestral. CHAUSSON: *Poème*, Op. 25 (Menuhin/LPO/Boult. DB 9759-60). It is most unfortunate that the latest version of this beautiful, if over-emotional work should be too poorly recorded to give pleasure. The solo, finely played, has a constant edge, and there are several patches of really bad distortion. DELIUS: Summer Night on the River; Summer Evening; A Song Before Sunrise (RPO/Beecham. DB 9757-8). The first of these short pieces is among the most appealing that Delius ever wrote and the new recording is meltingly beautiful. The second and third pieces, though less interesting, are equally well played and (except for one distorted tutti) well recorded. MENDELSSOHN: Hebrides Overture (Philharmonia/Schuechter. DX 1835). A dull, heavy performance, coarsely recorded. Though not without faults, the LPO/Van Beinum disc (K 2237) is still the best available. CHERUBINI: Four Marches for wind instruments (London Baroque Ensemble/Haas. R 20613). Interesting curiosities, very slickly played; but the presence, in almost every bar, of the bass drum and cymbals, makes one as reluctant to put on this record as to turn out for a cadet corps parade. SMETANA: *The Bartered Bride*—Overture (Philharmonia/Kubelik. DB 21463). New recordings of this brilliant and delightful piece continue to be obstinately unsuccessful. Kubelik secures an admirable performance, but the recording is strained and unpleasant. The old LSO/Walter disc (DB 3652) is still the best, although the music of course demands a wider tonal range and more space.

Chamber Music, Piano, Harpsichord. HAYDN: String Quartets Op. 76, Nos. 1, G major, and 6, E flat major (Barchet Qt. *PLP 233). Otherwise unavailable on disc, these magnificent examples of Haydn's last manner will be welcome to all lovers of chamber music. Barchet's E string is on the shrill side, but the fault is not serious, the performance is well studied and the recording on the whole very good. BEETHOVEN: String Trios, Op. 9, Nos. 2, D major, and 3, C minor (Pasquier Trio. *ALX 3015). These early, but far from slight works receive an impressively careful performance, full of fine detail and consistently beautiful in tone. There is a little distortion at

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Company Meeting

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The annual general meeting of The "Shell" Transport and Trading Company, Limited, was held on Friday, June 27, in London.

Sir Frederick Godber, the chairman, said: You will, I feel sure, learn with regret that reasons of health compelled Mr. B. Th. W. van Hasselt to express the wish to relinquish his position as an active managing director of the Group as from December 31, 1951. However, he will remain on the Board of the three parent operating companies.

Since my Statement went to the Press, some of the worst features of the Excess Profits Levy and, in particular, as affecting the Group, the feature regarding the taxation of "franked income," have been removed or mitigated in the passage of the Bill. I referred in my Statement also to the problems which had arisen during the course of 1951 and subsequently from the loss of supplies from Iran. These problems were recently intensified by the strike in certain sections of the United States oil industry which started on April 30, last, as a result of which at one period 35 per cent. of the total refinery capacity of the United States was out of action.

Though a large number of settlements have been made and the majority of the refineries have restarted work, that of the Shell Oil Co., at Houston, together with the adjacent chemical plant, is still strikebound. Immediate consequences arose in international aviation business, and the majority of Governments thought it advisable in order to conserve an already delicately balanced stock situation to restrict deliveries to aircraft. The resumption of work in the U.S. refineries has enabled airline restrictions to be lifted.

The report and accounts were unanimously adopted; resolutions were passed sanctioning the increase in the authorised Capital to £88,000,000 by the creation of 25,000,000 new Ordinary shares of £1 each, the capitalisation of £10,902,939 from Capital Reserve and the issue of 10,902,939 new Ordinary shares credited as fully paid to the shareholders.

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At the 83rd Annual General Meeting on 2nd July, 1952, the Chairman said:

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the very end of No. 2; otherwise the recording is excellent. BACH: Suites Nos. 3 and 6 for unaccompanied 'cello (Starker. *PLP 543). It would be difficult to exaggerate the thrilling effect of these noble line-drawings, as interpreted by Janos Starker. Admirable though they are, the Mainardi versions (Decca LP's) are definitely inferior to this issue, of which the recording is superbly realistic. SCHUMANN: *Papillons*, Op. 2; *Arabesque*, Op. 18; LISZT: Three Petrarch Sonnets (Kempff. *LXT 2670). A most satisfactory coupling. Wilhelm Kempff's account of Schumann's *Papillons*, of which there has been no recommendable version for some time past, is a masterpiece of delicate fantasy. Liszt's Petrarch Sonnets are among his most grateful pieces, for they were originally conceived as songs and the piano versions preserve the lyrical habit. The performance is thoughtful, emotionally distinguished, and tonally very beautiful. This is one of the best piano recordings Decca have yet achieved. LISZT: *Rapsodie Espagnole* (Malcuzynski. LX 8922-3). This set is to be avoided. The work itself—one of Liszt's most empty pieces of virtuosity—is tolerably entertaining in the Busoni version for piano and orchestra, of which there is a good recording by Gina Bachauer (HMV). Malcuzynski plays the work in its original form, but so forcefully as quickly to tire the ear; and the recording is most uncomfortable. On side 4 he gives a sensitive reading of Chopin's splendid Mazurka in C sharp minor, Op. 63, No. 3, and a less stylish rendering of the Waltz in G flat, Op. 70, No. 1. SCHUBERT: *Moments Musicaux*, Op. 94, Nos. 2 and 4 (Scherzer. E 11501). This record sets a standard in every way. Grete Scherzer's nimble and poetic style throws fresh light on these well-loved pieces, and the recording is exemplary. RAVEL: *Pièce en forme de Habanera;* BOULANGER: *Nocturne* (Fournier/Lush. DA 2005). Another double-star. Even those who associate the Ravel piece with the high tessitura of the violin, will, I think, be won over by Pierre Fournier's fine, pure tone and fastidious phrasing. The Nocturne by Lili Boulanger (sister of that great teacher, Nadia Boulanger) is a most beautiful and tender lyric, somewhat in the style of Fauré but with an individual quality that instils a poignant regret for the composer's early death. BACH: English Suites, No. 2, A minor, No. 3, G minor (Ehlers. *ALX 3017). Alice Ehlers' harpsichord playing has an impressive authority and it is well recorded; but, if this kind of music is not to seem monotonous and over-long, the player must vary the registration considerably—and this Mme Ehlers steadfastly refuses to do.

Vocal. SCHÜTZ: St. Matthew Passion (Soloists/Stuttgart Choral Society. *PLP 203, 2 discs). This most important issue is the first to give a true idea of the greatness of Heinrich Schütz. He was born a hundred years before Bach, but his settings of the four Passions were written when he was eighty, in a bare and simple style that derives from the modal lines of Gregorian chant. They are laid out for unaccompanied voices and this performance is a very fine one, preserving both the gravity and the dramatic power of the music. The issue cannot fail to make a profound impression on the listener, in spite of some grave technical faults. At certain points (*e.g.*, at the ends of sides) there are patches of distortion, and there is also pitch trouble, though not of the wavering sort that precludes all pleasure. The fourth side is occupied by three motets (not two, as stated on the label); I have not been able to identify the third. They are very beautiful, especially the second and third, and finely performed. VIVALDI: Psalm 109 ("Dixit Dominus") (Soloists/Chorus & Orch. of Scuola Veneziana/Ephrikian. *PLP 537). This recently discovered work is of the highest interest, for it displays Vivaldi's power to draw splendid music from the direct expression of literary images. The male soloists and the chorus are adequate to the occasion, but the female singers are somewhat insecure and lacking in conviction. The recording, if not very refined, is agreeably resonant. A long tenor "scena" in G major (the Psalm itself is in D major), apparently secular in character and possibly from one of Vivaldi's cantatas, occupies the first ten minutes of side 1. It seems difficult to believe that this can be the "Introduxione al Dixit, soprano and instruments," mentioned in the supplementary volume of Grove. ANCIENT GREEK HYMNS (Mandikian. DB 21485 & DA 2006). These examples of the oldest music known to us (round about the first century, A.D.) include two Delphic Hymns, a Hymn to the Sun and a Hymn to Nemesis. They are, of course, unaccompanied, and Arda Mandikian, who is the possessor of a rich, though not perfectly steady, voice, has clearly been at enormous pains to convey an impression of authenticity. The issue is of great historic interest, although the open-air acoustic does not always produce happy results. MUSSORGSKY: *Softly the spirit flew up to Heaven; Field-Marshal Death* (Christoff/Moore. DB 21484). In their very different ways these songs are admirable examples of Mussorgsky's genius; unfortunately, Boris Christoff has chosen to sing them in a heavy, lachrymose and explosive style that effectively destroys what pleasure we might have derived from the combination of a fine voice and splendid music. BACH: *Komm, süsser Tod;* LÖHNER: *O Ewigkeit* (Flagstad. DB 21490). Mme Flagstad's singing of the Bach song is beautifully calm and collected, though the almost unbroken pianissimo which she adopts imposes some strain on her intonation. My efforts to discover information about Löhner have proved abortive; the song is an agreeably plain piece of baroque which enables the singer to give us the full richness of her incomparable voice, and the recording is excellent. TCHAIKOVSKY: *Jeanne d'Arc*—"Adieu, forêts" (Tourel. LX 1547). Disappointing. This affecting aria does not seem to suit Jennie Tourel at all well: her voice sounds strained and conveys neither the character of the heroine nor the emotion of the words. In fact, the disc is in every respect inferior to that of Eugenia Zareska (K 2087), which would be a double-star but for an awkward penultimate A.

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Week-end Competitions

No. 1,167

Set by Peter Pastmaster

During the nineteenth century, the Agony Column of *The Times* was frequently used as a means of clandestine correspondence. The usual prizes are offered for a fifty-word message from any one of the following: Robert Browning to Elizabeth Barrett, George Sand to Chopin, Parnell to Mrs. O'Shea, Frank Harris to Oscar Wilde, Hazlitt to Sarah Walker, Henry James to Elizabeth Robins, Bernard Shaw to Mrs. Patrick Campbell, Karl Marx to Engels, or Archbishop Manning to Monsignor Talbot. Entries by July 15th.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 1,164

Set by I. Bell

A malicious xenophobe draws up a list of instructions to tourists calculated to involve foreign visitors to England in the most embarrassing and unpleasant situations possible. For instance: Never attempt to tip a taxi-driver; cheering is permitted in the public gallery of the House of Commons; any passer-by is welcome to intervene in a game of cricket. The usual prizes are offered for the best set of six examples.

Report by I. Bell

About a dozen jokes recurred frequently in the numerous entries for this competition. They included pigeon-shooting in Trafalgar Square, invading the statelier clubs, picking flowers in the parks, tendering £1 or £5 notes for 'bus-fares, applauding (or arguing) in church, various more or less credible reasons for pulling the communication chain in trains and dialling 999, and (most frequent of all) queue-jumping.

Some entries, not wanting in ingenuity, failed in credibility: the most innocent alien would hardly believe that all dogs and cats must be kicked at sight in England, or that *all* unaccompanied girls out after 10 p.m. are *filles de joie*. Other entries fell into the opposite error of being too true to life: not every British policeman has always refused a handsome tip, and the foreigner who greets his host with a smacking kiss on both cheeks may cause some quiet amusement but will not find himself in serious trouble. The ideal entry would fall mid-way between these two extremes; and plausibility is enhanced by a Baedeker-like solemnity and matter-of-factness of style.

Few entries had six examples of equal quality; D. R. Peddy opened with a good one: "Never talk to an Englishman about his 'wife.' The word is

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'Mistress,'" but dwindled into obviousness. Many an entry contained one good example: "In Westminster Abbey ask the verger for the whereabouts of the Stone of Scone. It is surprisingly light for its bulk and may be lifted easily." (John Phillips). "Deck-chairs on all beaches are provided out of the Health Service. Do not be coerced into making any payment for their use." (Goodwill). "Refer to any gentleman whose name you do not know as 'This-so-and-so.'" (T. T. Ormandy). "Staff shortage: your chambermaid will be grateful if, before descending in the morning, you yourself hang your mattress out of the window." (R. Waterhouse). "If you are so fortunate as to be invited to the Athenæum Club, do not forget that the members in the library will expect you to take a friendly interest in what they are reading." (Cyril Bibby). "Free libraries, of which Britain is justly proud, are found mainly in Charing Cross Road. Visitors may take books without formality, but should return them within a week." (Mervyn Jones). "Never spit in the street. Large round spittoons (called pillar-boxes) are provided for that purpose." (Margaret and Roger Till).

There were deplorably large numbers of examples relating to brothels and to lavatories:—"There is no state-regulated harlotry . . . but it may with safety be assumed that any person found *seated* in the National Portrait Gallery, London, is a procurer or procuress." (Martin Jordan). "London brothels display a *blue* lamp." (James Barnett). "Public conveniences are few: unfrequented streets where relief is permitted are marked 'P'." (John Hector). If the content of Christopher Lee's entry had been equal to its calligraphy, it would have won first prize. As it is, it seems best to award one and a half guineas to Edwin W. Amos, for a sound standard entry incorporating several of the favourite jokes, and a guinea each to Anthony Skeen (several agreeable fantasies) and R. A. Peacock and to divide the rest of the prize money among those whose entries have already been quoted.

INSTRUCTIONS TO TOURISTS

Notices like "Keep Left" and "No Right Turn" are political slogans, and should be ignored by motorists. Zebra parking places will be found anywhere.

To summon the waiter from the restaurant car, simply pull the little chain above the compartment door.

At certain times there are long queues of workers waiting for buses; you should wait near the head of any such queue, and as a tourist you will be expected to enter the bus first.

To call a taxi dial 999—you may have to repeat this procedure several times.

When shopping at any of the large London stores you must help yourself: place your purchases in a bag or case, and pay for them on leaving the store.

EDWIN W. AMOS

If your cigarette is refused always offer the money value.

On entering a railway compartment shake hands with all occupants.

Inquire after Sweet Fanny Adams.

If at the Post Office you are served by a female assistant, enquire as to the progress of her knitting.

A guest should not omit to ask his host and hostess whether they are married.

ANTHONY SKEEN

For a handy reward during Bank Holidays challenge any point-duty policeman with "You are Little Sid: I demand my prize."

The table cruet in restaurants is included in the bill; wrap in serviette provided.

Parking is permitted in the grounds of Buckingham Palace on payment of a small fee to the sentry.

Never pay the price demanded for a newspaper: good-natured haggling is customary.

R. A. PEACOCK

CHESS: Draw not so dull

No. 144

It must be two or three years since I besought the readers of this column not to despise the draw and to remember that it may well be more thrilling than many a decided game. I was reminded of the subject by Golombek's delightfully witty draw against the great Geller at Budapest; but since this little gem is bound to find its way into almost every chess magazine, I had better give my scanty space to this position, less celebrated but no less exciting and instructive. It happened in a game Ehrat-Naef, reported by the *Deutsche Schachzeitung* a few months ago. Black, obviously, has his B tied to the QRP and his K (owing to the threat B-Kt6) to the KRP. But when White played (1) K-R4 the Black K was relieved of his sentry-duties, the White B being now obliged to keep an eye on the KP. Hence, Black could counter (1) . . . K-K2, and what followed was (2) K-Kt5, K-Q3. (3) B-B7, P-K6. (4) K-Kt6. Obviously (4) B-Q5 would have been countered by K-B2; as it happened Black played (4) . . . B-R1, and now White could have drawn quite safely by retreating the B to R5. But being ambitious he played (5) B-Q5 which really ought to lose but miraculously doesn't and, indeed, very nearly wins. There followed (5) . . . P-K7 (6) B x B, P queens (7) B-B6, Q-QKt8 ch! White had only bargained for (7) . . . Q-Kt5 ch and had hoped to win after (8) B-Kt5, Q-R6 (9) K-Kt7, Q-KB6 ch (10) K-Kt8. Now it looks as if White were lost; yet, after (8) B-Kt5, Q-K5 White can still draw by (9) B-R4! What actually followed was (9) . . . Q-QR1 (10) B-Kt5, Q-Q1 ch (11) K-Kt7, Q-B2 ch (12) K-R6, Q-B1 ch (13) K-Kt6, Q-QR1 (14) B-R4, and here the contestants agreed on a draw which, I hope, no one will call dull.

For those who like their draws more melodramatic, such as a last-minute perpetual to escape from overwhelming attack, here (Mieses-Rubinstein, Breslau, 1912), is one of the most famous specimens in chess literature.

(1) P-K4	P-K4	(15) R x Kt	P-B4
(2) B-B4	Kt-KB3	(16) R-Kt3	K-R1
(3) P-Q4	P x P	(17) Kt-B3	Kt-Kt1
(4) Kt-KB3	Kt x P	(18) B x B	Q x B
(5) Q x P	Kt-KB3	(19) Kt-KKt5	Kt-R3
(6) B-KKt5	B-K2	(20) R-K1	Q-Q2
(7) Kt-B3	Kt-B3	(21) R(Kt3)-K3	KR-K1
(8) Q-R4	P-Q3	(22) QKt-K4	B-B4
(9) O-O-O	B-K3	(23) Kt-B6 !	P x Kt
(10) B-Q3	Q-Q2	(24) Q x Kt	B-Kt3
(11) B-Kt5	O-O	(25) Kt x RP !	B x Kt
(12) Kt-Q4	P-QR3	(26) R-KKt3 !	R x R ch
(13) B-Q3	Kt-K4	(27) K-Q2	R-K7 ch!
(14) P-B4	Kt x B ch	(28) K-Q1	R-K8 ch

No space for annotations; but readers can find them copiously in the first volume of Tartakover's and du Mont's excellent anthology "500 Master-Games of Chess" (Bell & Sons, 1952). In this week's competition

A: A. Kuznetzov 1945

B: G. Bernhardt 1949

I have space for two pieces only; obviously and in keeping with the subject matter, they are both draws, and they should certainly be worth 7 ladder-points each.

Usual prizes. Entries by July, 14.

REPORT ON COMPETITION

Set June 14

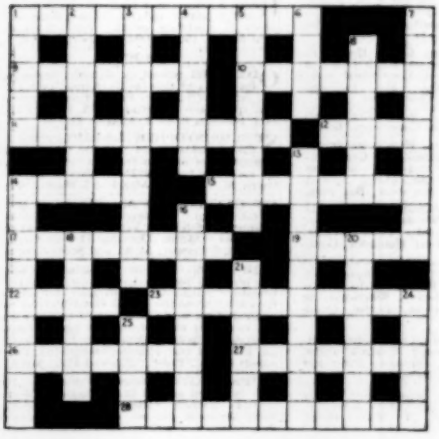
A: *Key:* Q-Q6.

B: (1) B-Kt8, R-K3. (2) B-B7, R-Q3. (3) B-R5, R-Q4. (4) B-Kt4, R-KB4. (5) B-R3, R-Q4. (6) B-B1, R-KKt4. (7) B x P, R-Q4. (8) B-K2 (B1), R-KB4 (KKt4). (9) B-B4, R-R4. (10) P-Q3, R-KB4 (KKt4, KR4). (11) B-K6, followed by B-Q7 etc. If (1) B-B7?, R-K3. (2) B-Kt8, R-Q3. (3) B-R7, R-KKt3!

A large entry, and no one, of course, missed **A**. But quite a few dropped some points by failing to see every *finesse* of **B**. Even so, there are too many correct solutions to mention them all, and prizes can once again go to encourage newcomers and those who have rarely appeared in a prize-list—T. Buchwald, S. W. Carter, R. C. Chaturvedi, J. C. Waldron, C. R. Worthing.

ASSIAC

Week-end Crossword No. 3



ACROSS

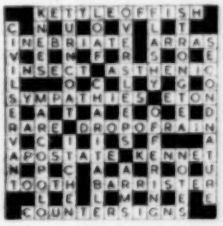
1. She at least is not rearming (5, 2, 4).
9. There are naturally two, but grammatically often three (7).
10. Material to make a girl enthusiastic (7).
11. Justifiable advice to a friend to run away, but I go before him (10).
12. Feature of a nasty experience (4).
14. Roman estate (5).
15. It sounds as if there is an increase in the number of animals for the fens (8).
17. Expresses disapproval of the quarters (8).
19. Drunk at football matches (5).
22. Drinks after night (4).
23. A back room after dark for a Negro (10).
26. "What, a play toward! I'll be an . . . ;" (M.N.D.) (7).
27. Swears at cricket matches (7).
28. Send excerpts from letters to Broadcasting House? (11).

DOWN

1. Watch for a soldier in the 6.50 (5).
2. A figure with no horse on (7).
3. Such a voice is bound to suffer from tone strain (10).
4. Meetings in Surrey (6).
5. A mixed gin and it helps towards setting on fire (8).
6. Sown haphazardly (4).
7. Our guests perhaps rested informally about the hotel (6, 3).
8. Truly secret perhaps (6).
13. Retired teacher? (10).
14. Rule by the rabble (9).
16. Aerial frolics? (8).
18. The swiftly flowing river overturns a large number of pairs (6).
20. Put a finish on a little work in the Midlands (7).
21. Fights in which science is put first and the blows are not heavy (6).
24. Warring Houses (5).
25. "And time, that takes survey of all the world, must have a . . . ." (Henry IV Part I) (4).

SET-SQUARE

Solution to No. 2



APPOINTMENTS VACANT

The engagement of persons answering these advertisements must be made through a Local Office of the Ministry of Labour or a Scheduled Employment Agency if the applicant is a man aged 18-64 inclusive or a woman aged 18-59 inclusive unless he or she, or the employment, is excepted from the provisions of the Notification of Vacancies Order, 1952.

THE University of Leeds. Department of Economics and Commerce. Applications are invited for the post of Research Assistant in Industrial Relations at a salary of £450 a year, rising by two annual increments of £25. The research will be directed mainly to a study of wage trends, and the relation between wages, cost of living and productivity. The Research Assistant will have opportunity to undertake some teaching in the Department. Applications (three copies) should reach the Registrar, The University, Leeds 2 (from whom further particulars may be obtained), not later than July 21, 1952.

THE University of Leeds. Department of Economics and Commerce. Applications are invited for appointment as Research Assistant at a salary on the scale £450—£25—£500 a year. Candidates should have experience in statistical analysis or ability and willingness to acquire statistical techniques. If the qualifications of the successful candidate are suitable, he will be given the opportunity to undertake some tuition in the Department. Applications should reach the Registrar, The University, Leeds 2 (from whom further particulars may be obtained), not later than July 30, 1952.

SUDAN Government. Vacancies exist in the Research Division of the Ministry of Agriculture for the following posts: two Soil Chemists, two Plant Breeders, one Agronomist. Age limits 22-45. Applicants should have appropriate Honours degrees or their equivalents. Appointments will be on probation for Short Term Contract (with bonus) up to 5 years. Salary scale ranges from £E.950 to £E.1,675. Starting rate of pay is determined according to age, qualifications and experience of selected candidate. A cost of living allowance paid quarterly is payable. An outfit allowance of £E.50 is payable when the contract is signed. No income tax is at present payable in the Sudan. Free passage on appointment. Annual leave after the first tour. Full details and application form will be sent on receipt of a postcard only addressed to the Sudan Agent in London, Wellington House, Buckingham Gate, London, S.W.1, quoting "Soil Chemist 408," "Plant Breeder 422" or "Agronomist 411" and name and addddress in Block Letters.

THE Council for Education in World Citizenship (an Organisation of the United Nations Association) invites applications for the position of Assistant Secretary. Candidates must have an interest in international affairs, experience of teaching or educational administration, and public speaking ability. Preference will be given to those holding a University Degree. Salary £400 per annum (plus London weighting of £26) with two annual increments of £25, family allowance and contributory pensions scheme. Forms and particulars from U.N.A., 25, Charles Street, London, W.1, on receipt of stamped, addressed foolscap envelope.

PROG. res. school, 30 children 11-15 years, reqs., Sept., intelligent woman (24-35 years). General supervision, spare time activities (art, games, some handicraft) & help all round. Well balanced pers., previous exp. w. children. Apply: Principal, Westhope Manor School, Craven Arms, Shropshire.

SOUTHAMPTON C.B.C. requires Educational Psychologist for Child Guidance Clinic. Post includes work in Schools. Honours Degree in Psychology, training in recognised Clinic and teaching experience essential. Soulbury Scale II salary. Canvassing disqualifies. Apply Medical Officer of Health, Civic Centre, Southampton.

PADDINGTON Group Hospital Management Committee, Paddington Hospital, 285 Harrow Road, W.9. Clinic Secretary required at the Portman Clinic, 8 Bentinck Street, Davies Street, W.1. Duties include organisation of Psychiatric Clinics, Medical Records, Control of Medical Stenographers. Some evening duties. Previous experience desirable. Salary: male £415×£15 to £490; female £385×£15 to £425; plus London Weighting. Applications stating age, qualifications, experience, together with names and addresses of two referees, to be forwarded to the Secretary to the Committee by July 12.

KENT Education Committee. Applications are invited for the appointment in September of resident male supervisor at Valence Boarding Special School, Westerham, Kent, for 70 physically handicapped boys and girls aged 7 to 15 (no bed cases). Supervisor undertakes duties in connection with the care and supervision of the children. Salary £280 × £12 to £340 a year; full board, lodging and laundry provided for £78 a year. Applications to the Acting Divisional Education Officer, 19 Grove Hill Road, Tunbridge Wells, together with two recent testimonials and names of two referees.

INTERNATIONAL Work Camps for Peace. British Branch of International movement requires secretary for shorthand typing and records in London office. Interest in international understanding essential. Salary by arrangement. Appl. form from Box 2112.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

HER Majesty's Colonial Service. Applications are invited for the following post: Assistant Controller, Department of Foreign Exchange Control, Singapore (27434/1). Candidates must be between 35 and 45 years old, have passed the final examination of the Institute of Bankers in London, and have had at least 10 years' experience in all branches of exchange control in the foreign division of a United Kingdom bank. The appointment will be on a 3 years contract in the first instance. The salary scale is £721—£1,421 inclusive of expatriation pay; a cost of living allowance and special Singapore allowance are also payable. Quarters or rent allowance in lieu are provided and free passage for the officer, his wife and children under 16. Leave is normally at the rate of 45 days for each year of resident service. Income tax is at local rates. A gratuity is payable on satisfactory completion of service. Intending candidates should apply in writing to the Director of Recruitment (Colonial Service), Colonial Office, Sanctuary Building, Great Smith Street, S.W.1, giving brief details of their age, qualifications and experience. They should mention this paper and quote the reference number (27434/1).

MONMOUTHSHIRE Education Committee. Aberbargoed Youth and Community Centre.—Applications are invited for the post of Warden of the Aberbargoed Youth and Community Centre. Applicants must be over 28 years of age and must possess a good Honours degree or a Social Science Diploma, and should have had experience in Community Centre work. For a suitably qualified person, the salary will be: £375×£18 to £630 (men); £338×£15 to £504 (women). Additions may be made to this scale depending on the qualifications of the applicant. Further particulars and application forms can be obtained from the Director of Education, County Hall, Newport, Mon.

OXFORDSHIRE County Council. Children's Care Committee. Caldicott House, Shillingford Homes, Warborough, Oxon. Applications are invited for the appointment of permanent-resident foster mothers for Shillingford Homes, Warborough, Oxon, and Morland House, Wheatley, Oxon., and resident foster mother or foster father at Long House, Long Hanborough, Oxon. Salary—£254 16s. per annum, less £75 8s. per annum board/lodging, plus 15s. per week overtime paid in accordance with Special Conditions of Service prescribed by the A.S.C. Preference will be given to persons with Home Office training or other recognised qualifications in social work. The appointments are subject to satisfactory medical examinations, including an X-ray of the chest. Application forms may be obtained from the County Children's Officer, 101 Banbury Road, Oxford, and should be returned as soon as possible. B. J. Langridge, Children's Officer.

CALDECOTT Community. Required in September, progressive woman teacher (not over 40) for a group of intelligent children aged 9-11 years. Must have Ministry of Education Certificate. The candidate must be interested in the problems of disturbed and deprived children. No out of school duties. Salary according to Burnham Scale. Apply, together with copies of three testimonials, to Miss Rendel, Mersham-le-Hatch, Ashford, Kent.

QUALIFIED, experienced junior teacher, resident, required for a recently opened small progressive school, boarding and day, in large country house in Kent. School developing offers scope for a teacher of ideas and initiative. Teacher with a family also considered. Box 1752.

PSYCHIATRIC Social Worker required to work in the Child Guidance Clinic (Hill End and Branches). Salary in accordance with the National Joint Negotiating Committee (Hospital Staffs) Report. Ability to drive a car essential. Applications stating age and experience with copies of testimonials should be sent to the Medical Superintendent, Hill End Hospital, St. Albans, Herts.

BOOK KEEPER (woman) with shorthand-typing, wanted for Travel Service. Salary about £7. Box 2221.

YOUNG lady, about 30, with acting ability, versatile voice, required co-operate with young man to run established touring marionette theatre of high artistic standards. Caravan accommodation. Rationalist, libertarian, pacifist outlook, bohemian temperament, wide intellectual interests, all recommendations. Comment fully. Box 2102.

ASSISTANT Housekeeper for domestic records, staff accom., and linen room. Gd. exper. for student. Apply Matron, Cassel Hospital, Ham Common, Richmond, Surrey.

APPOINTMENTS WANTED

YOUNG man (24), well educated, seeks interesting position, typing, shorthand, correspondence, literary talent, interested travel/books, etc. Box 2174.

NEW Zealander, 28, historian, completed Ph.D. course, seeks change from university surroundings. Scope for intelligence and interesting society. Box 2119.

WHERE TO STAY AND RESTAURANTS

ISLE of Wight Guest House with own sea shore, safe sea bathing, 23 acres (5 reserved for nudism). H. and c., electric light, indoor sanitation, fresh-water pool. Reduced terms children. Brochure (stamp). N. S. Critchard, Woodside, Wootton, Ryde, I. of W.

WHERE TO STAY, etc.—continued

RYE. The Hope Anchor Hotel.. A.A. appointed, licensed. Superb posn., ideal for holidays. New management. Rye 2216.

BETWEEN Looe and Polperro. Country house possessing every modern amenity, situated in 12 acres gardens, overlooking sea, offers restful holiday and perfect food based on own farm produce. Details and photos from Box 736.

WHITE Cross Hotel, Wallingford. A friendly & comfortable country hse. in secluded grounds. Fishing, sailing, tennis. A.A. Appvd 27-8/gns. Tel. 3155.

ESSEX. Delightful Holidays in Country House Hotel, 20 acres grounds, every modern comfort, good food, fully licensed, swimming, tennis, dancing. Weekly terms from 5gns. Apply Little Bardfield Hall, Nr. Braintree. Tel.: Gt. Burdfield 241.

LLEDR Valley, Snowdonia. Picturesque house beautifully situated above colourful mountain valley. Continental cooking. From 6½gns. Bwlch Bach Guest House, Pont-y-Pant, Dolwyddelan, Caerns. Dolw. 220.

EDINBURGH. West End. Mod. Atholl Hotel, 16 Rothesay Pl. 3. CEN. 4871.

SOMERSET. Cossington Guest House, Nr. Bridgwater. Easy access to sea, golf, fishing. Excellent cooking. Slumberland bedding. Garage Accommodation. Terms 5½gns.

CORNWALL. Vacancies in Country House Hotel. Own dairy and garden produce. Every comfort and consideration. St. Giles, Wadebridge. Telephone 85.

BRIGHTON: Keehans Hotel, Regency Sq. (facing sea and Pier). Noted for good food, H & C. all rooms. Terms: 5 to 7gns. per week, full board, private bathrooms extra. Write or phone 23869.

WHITSTABLE, Kent. Fiveways Hotel, Tankerton (licensed). Abundant food, first-rate cooking. Beautifully situated in large private grounds, near sea. Easy reach Canterbury. A.A., approved. Whitstable 3243.

CORNWALL. Treharrock Manor & Farm, Jersey herd. Reserve now for September, October and November, when surf-bathing excellent and "Indian Summer" weather lovely. Golf St. Enodoc. Trout, salmon. For Polzeath (surf-bathing) Lundy Bay, Port Quin, Port Gaverne. Under personal supervision Commander & Mrs. Bannerman. Excel. cuisine, all comforts gtd. Port Isaac 234.

OLD Plaw Hatch, Sharpthorne, nr. East Grinstead. Here is an hotel where you do what you like. It's friendly, comfortable, and the food is excellent. Club licence. Tel.: Sharpthorne 17.

HASTINGS. Oakhurst Hotel, The Ridge. Lovely country, good food, friendly atmosphere. Sun lounge, putting, badminton, tennis, 2½ acres lovely grounds. 5½gns. Baldslow 264.

LONGFORMACUS, Berwickshire, in the heart of the lovely Lammermuirs, only 12 miles from Edinburgh. Ruthburne Hotel: Send for Brochure.

SYGUN Fawr, Beddgelert, N. Wales. Perfect centre for inexpensive mountain holidays. Drying facilities, hot baths, good food. £4 17s. 6d. p.w. Alpine clothing & equipment & expert guidance available. Mr. & Mrs. Paul Work.

BETWEEN Lune Valley & Lakeland. A perfect holiday centre in modernised Georgian country house. Wooded estate. Mod. charges—Vealand Manor, Carnforth.

EIRE. Killiney (6), "Saintbury" overlooking sea. Booking now July and onwards. Guests met at Terminus.

SIMPLE accom., friendly people, quiet Pennine valley; bluebell woods, bathing, grand river and moorland walks. From 5½gns. Roberts, Wheat Ing Farm, Hebden Bridge.

NATURIST Sun-bathing Hols. In sunny Devon, at Britain's best Sun Club. Full facils. & mod. cons.; nudist sun & air bathing. Write (enc. 1s.) for brochure, Sec. (C), The Devon Club, Beaworthy, Devon. The "Sunbather" magazine, 1s. 6d., post free.

SWANAGE. Vegetarian Guest House in loveliest beauty spot on South Coast. 3 min. sandy beach, h. & c., Continental cooking. Children welcomed. Mrs. Golding, "Waveney," Park Rd. 'Phone 2804.

CO. Galway, Clifden. Rock Glen Hotel, touring centre 12 Pins Connemara. Broch.

SURREY-Sussex border. Holiday accommodation offered in beautiful 15th Cent. converted farmhouse from mid-July. Excellent board. Pleasing casual atmosphere. Nearest buses 1½ miles. 4½gns. per week Box 1906.

LAKE District. Magnificent mountain scenery. Eskdale, Wasdale, Great Gable, etc. Sea, Golf, Billiards, Tennis. Licensed. Irton Hall Hotel, Holmrook, Cumberland. Tel. 42.

THAMES. Riverside Country House Hotel. Boating, Tennis, Billiards. Ideal for Spring & Summer holidays. Week-ends or Honeymoon. Croft House, Burcot, Oxon. Tel. Clifton Hampden 32.

PAYING guests welcomed modernised farmhouse, ideally situated Wenlock Edge. Terms on application. Surman, Presthope Farm, Much Wenlock, Salop.

BEAUTIFUL Sussex. Enjoy a quiet holiday in lovely country within reach Eastbourne; comfort and good food. Te Whare Hotel, Horam. Tel. Heathem Rd. 32.

WHERE TO STAY, etc.—continued

HASTINGS 4571. Enjoy ideal holiday with Socialist hosts. Terms from 4½gns. (2/6/52 off season). Brochure post free Continental, 10 Albany Rd., St. Leonards-on-Sea.

EDALE, Derbyshire. Comfortable holiday accom. Mod. conveniences. Nr. station. Rowbottom, "The Warren."

THOSE wishing enjoyable holiday with congenial fellow-guests should write for informative Brochure (illustrated). Some vacancies July/September. Best position on this fine Promenade, facing full South, near Sun Lounge (Orchestra daily). Recommended by readers, also members Toc H, W.V.S., Quakers, etc. £5 10s. to £8 weekly, incl. gratuities, early tea, 4 meals, fresh fruit daily, coffee, baths. Twin beds, Slumberlands, h. & c. 2 Lounges. Vegetarian if desired. Normanhurst Private Hotel, Seafront, St. Leonards-on-Sea. Opp. boating, fishing, own beach tent. Prior booking necessary.

OLD Sussex Village, comfortable accomm. and good country food at Blenheim Farm, Robertsbridge. Horses for hire. 5gns. wkly. Summer terms 6gns. Robertsbridge 148.

THE Slipway House, Port Isaac, Cornwall. The house that is different. Every modern comfort in an old-world setting of great charm. Directly facing harbour. Boating, bathing, fishing. Good touring centre. Garage. Terms 6-7½gns. Brochure on request: Piggins (Phone 264).

HILL-lovers offer hospitality in converted farmhouse, beautifully and remotely situated in heart of Welsh mountains near Llyn Geirionydd. Modern comforts—very good food and fires. Friendly and informal. 5½gns. George & Elaine Bonner, Penrallt, Trefriw, Tel. Llanrwst 166.

LAKE District. For those who appreciate excellent cooking. Woodland, Guest House, Lakeside, via Ulverston, Lancs. Beautiful position overlooking Lake Windermere, log fires, home produce; write for booklet.

HISTORIC Romantic Exeter. The "Ever Faithful City" . . . and Gateway to the West . . . Ideal centre for Tours in Devon. Brochure, postage 2d., or Guide "H" 1s. 3d., Information Bureau, Exeter.

PORTHLEVEN, S. Cwll. The Rock Hotel. Ideal for early summer holidays & Honeymoons. Directly facing sea in own grounds, abundant home-cooked fare. A.A. recommen.

BOURNEMOUTH—Connaught Court Hotel —33 rooms. One acre grounds. Every comfort, and superlative food. Terms 6gns. wkly., 7-9gns. June onwards. Tel. 1944.

FINHAUT, Switzerland. Lovely mountain village near Mont Blanc. Good hotels and all amenities. Inclusive prices from 17s. 6d. per day. Very easy journey London. U.K. representative: C. Rackett, 8 South Drive, Middleton-on-Sea, Sussex. Tel. 2812.

COTSWOLD valley welcomes people of all nationalities. Unspoilt country: home grown produce: Breakfast in bed (optional). Finlayson, Nr. Stroud, Glos. Tel.: Painswick 2312.

SMALL, modern hotel overlooking sea. White Lodge Hotel, Saltdean, Sussex. Rottingdean 2614.

SW. Cornish fishing village. Rest, relax, refresh in Three Vean Priv. Hotel. Porthleven. Tel. Cdr. H. C. Selby, R.N. (retd.).

HOTEL Reservations? Use HOTAC, the time and money-saving Hotel Accom. Service 93 Baker St., London, W.1. WEL. 2555.

LAKES. Charm, old mansion. Mod. terms. Mod. conv. Croft Hotel. Ambleside 334.

GOOD Food Club members recommend over 700 places throughout Britain which serve a good meal at a reasonable price, in "The Good Food Guide 1952 3/-." Entirely revised and much enlarged but still 3/-; from all booksellers. Published by Cassell & Co., 37 St. Andrews Hill, E.C.4.

HEAL'S Mansard Restaurant for morning coffee, lunch and tea. Good food and wines at moderate prices. Fully licensed. Heal & Son, 196 Tottenham Court Rd., W.1.

SCHOOLS

ODAM Hill School: a friendly beginning for boys and girls (4-13). Animal care, riding, etc., on Children's Farm. Engs. particularly from parents abroad. R. A. Falkner and Mrs. Falkner, B.A., S. Molton, Devon.

ST. CHRISTOPHER School, Letchworth. Co-education to 18 years in an open-air atmosphere of ordered freedom. Applications for vacancies from 1952 considered. H. Lyn Harris, M.A., LL.B.; Mrs. Lyn J. Harris, M.A.

ST. CATHERINE'S, Almondsbury, nr. Bristol. Co-ed.: boarding: all ages. Overlkg Channel, Welsh Hills. Vegetarian and food reform diet. Music, Dancing, Drama, Crafts, etc.: Ralph Cooper, M.A., and Joyce Cooper.

THE Middle Way in Education has been practised for the last 5 years with very promising results at a Preparatory School for boys and girls on the Suffolk Coast. Progressive methods have made for mental freedom without sacrificing good manners, a high standard of work and general cleanliness. Exceptionally mild, food and very pleasant background. Pinewoods & sea. Prosp.: Sizewell Hall, Suffolk.

WENNINGTON School, Wetherby. 190 boys and girls, 8-18. Recognised Ministry: 14 teachers—Grammar School curriculum, advanced courses, exceptional facilities Art, Music and Crafts. K. C. Barnes, B.Sc.

PERSONAL

EDUCATED young Swedish woman wishes to live as paying guest with cultured English family with children, in Central London or Kensington. BAY. 4725.

YOUNG Australian couple seek any companions with car share costs tour Continent, 1-2 mths. Box 2222.

FREE-LANCE Cinematographer and wife seek location job anywhere in the world. Fully experienced and equipped. 16mm. Kodachrome or B. & W. Offers to L. Buranato, 23, Frognal Court, London, N.W.3.

YOUNG schoolmaster (ex-Service) shs. interesting post July or August. Box 2155.

FRANCE. Young educated girls wishing improve French are invited to good French homes as pair from July onward. Period of 3-6 mths. or less. Refs. exchanged. Box 2204.

PRODUCER of recorded English courses requires a number of simple original scripts. Suitable spare-time work for non-professional writers. Details from G. Shenker, 57 via Paolo Emilio, Rome, Italy.

NORWEGIAN lady of good family and good education, with long experience in housekeeping, desires congenial post as lady's home or travel companion (versed in English, French, and German) or Mother's Help. Apply to: Fru E. M. K., Poste Restante, Lillehammer, Norway.

YOUNG Frenchman taking French Degree shs. 3 mths. stay with Engl. family in exch. Fr. lessons & care children. Box 2059.

PLEASANT bed sit. rm., ckg. facs., possibly small salary offered Harpenden in return part-time help with small boy. Baby expected Autumn. Box 2061.

EXCH. hospitality wanted. Austrian student 18, for English boy 10-18. Good family, resident lake district Austria. Box 622, Smiths Library, Newton Abbot, Devon.

M'CYCLIST. 25, m., wide ints. shs. ditto 14-day tour com. July 26. Box 2132.

YOUNG Eng. Bachelor shs. au pair holiday France/Italy or Denmark. Box 2085.

PARIS. Rustic cottage, 10 miles from Paris, on river Marne, furnished: to let weekly, very reasonable terms. Box 1808.

NO French holiday this year? Then go "French" with Noilly Prat, specially served at Layton's Wine Bar, 2a Duke St., W.1 (Manchester Sq.), every evening in July.

ITALY—Comfortable, cool flat to let Milan, July 20-Sept. 15, or shorter period. 2 Bedrms., 1 Sit., Bathrm., lavatory, kit. Telephone, gas, elec. £5 per week payable in London in sterling. Box 2145.

BED-sitting room, pocket-money offered student September onwards, return part-time help in house & sitting-in some evenings with 8 yr. old boy. Mrs. Vester, 141 Old Church St., Chelsea, S.W.3.

GIRLS, British and French, can meet for practice in conversation; seaside summer holiday house-party, Hants. £5 p.w. 9 Beauchamp Place, London, S.W.3. KEN. 9661.

GRAPHOLOGICAL Expert, scientifically trained with wide experience, gives advice in personal and business matters (appointment of staff, partnerships, matrimonial affairs, child guidance, etc.). Write to Graphological Bureau, 1 Woodside, Erskine Hill, N.W.11.

BOOK Indexes made. Any subject, any length. Box 557.

FOREST School Camps. Adventurous holiday in August for boys and girls aged 6½ to 18. Expeditions and hikes. Trained staff. Apply A. R. Cobb, 19 High St., Trumpington, Cambridge.

BOYS and girls enjoy holidays at Pinewood, Anwellbury, Herts. Elizabeth Strachan, Ware 52.

OFFICE Facilities. Secretarial services available to organisations and individuals, with use of private room by arrangement. Central address. Box 1999.

IRVING Theatre require new Plays. Reading fee 10s. 6d. Secr'y., 17 Irving St. W.C.2.

BAKER St. School of Dancing (97). Tuition in Ballroom Dancing for All. WEL. 4841.

CONCERT Pianist, trained in Godowsky school, takes pupils all stages. VIC. 0820.

LOOK younger, be happy! A 7-day Relaxation/Nature Cure regime for health & serenity. Individual care by Vernon Symonds in a lovely bijou guest house. Folder: The Brooklands, Halloway Pl., Hastings. Tel. 2832.

OSTEOPATHY. Massage, Manipulation, Relaxation-therapy. Nerve stimulation. The Nerve Centre, 1 Bentinck St., London, W.1. Tel. Welbeck 9600. Ask for brochure on nerve-therapy.

LAST minute Continental Holidays not arranged for the masses but individually for you. 10 days in Spain from £26 19s. 6d. Italy £25 19s. 6d. France £18 10s. 6d. 7 days in Paris from £13 15s. Write for brochure or 'phone: Business & Holiday Travel, Ltd., Grand Buildings, Trafalgar Sq., London, W.C.2. WHItehall 4114/5.

FLEETWOOD. Holiday House Parties for Young People, August 2-30. Rambling, expeditions, games, etc. Near to Lakes. Excellent accom. Christian atmosphere. Terms £3 p.w. Apply Sec., Youth Dept., Church Army, 55 Bryanston St., London, W.1.

PERSONAL—continued

WHY not visit the Fabian Bookshop, 11 Dartmouth St., S.W.1, the next time you are in the vicinity of Westminster?

STEINWAY Concert Grand for sale, London, £100. Box 2175.

CARAVEL Press prints books of Memoirs, Poetry, Family Histories, etc. Editorial Service. 85 Bedford Gardens, London, W.8.

LINGUIST teaches individually English, French, German, Italian. BAY. 8624.

"THE Art of Seeing."—Readers impressed by Aldous Huxley's account of how his sight was saved by the methods of the late Dr. Bates, the celebrated American oculist and author of "Good Sight Without Glasses," may be interested to know that this technique is practised by the Misses Scarlett at 19A Cavendish Sq., W.1 (Langham 3626).

ACCOMMODATION available for conferences and summer schools at Thwaite Hall, Cottingham, for Easter and summer, 1953. Hall of Residence with facilities for 165 residents. Further particulars from the Registrar, University College, Hull.

RETIRE to solitude. Converted, unfurnished farm cottage in depth of beautiful Irish country. Great gardening or writing possibilities at low rent. Box 2009.

SWISS Hotel-Plan still has vacancies August and September for 15-day holidays in Switzerland within the £25 allowance. Example: Interlaken with private bath at 29gns., inclusive of rail and hotel, leaves 10gns. for spending. Hotel-Plan, Ltd., 245 Regent St., London, W.1. GROsvenor 8921.

PERFECT Russian speaker gives lessons or conversation. 5s. per hour or by arrangement. Mrs. Nunberg, 8 Courtfield Gardens, S.W.5, or KENsington 9751.

BOYS' and Girls' summer holidays arranged by Mr. C. Rackett since 1945. This year at Hurn Court, near Bournemouth. Prospectus: 8 South Drive, Middleton-on-Sea, Sussex. Tel. 2812.

IT pays to FEly there! Get there with personal service. Business or pleasure—it's a pleasure! Enquiries receive immediate attention through: Robert Whitaker (Travel), Ltd., 10 Princes Arcade, Piccadilly, London, S.W.1. GROsvenor 7108.

VACATIONS for Peace. Youth camps abroad. Italy July 20-Aug. 2, £28 5s. Austria July 27-Aug. 10, £25. Belgium Youth Hotel, Ostend, July 20-Aug. 3, £17 10s. Details from British Youth Festival Committee, 174 Uxbridge Rd., W.12.

PRIVATE house party Aug., Hampshire Coast. Others wanted to join. Box 2163.

SPANISH Guitar tuition in Segovia method by Len Williams. Classical/Flamenco/Spanish music. Solo or voice accomp. Crses. for beginners. Free booklet. Spanish Guitar Centre, 12 Little Newport St., W.C.2. GER. 6457.

ROBERT George Miles, Psychologist, 70 Belsize Park Gdns., N.W.3. PRI. 6982.

VERSES to order for (almost) any occasion. Moderate charges. Allan M. Laing, 19 Wavertree Nook Rd., Liverpool, 15.

IT seems that my hopes will not be realised, but when builders have finished, I shall be able to take studio portraits again. WEL. 4950 will be my tel. number for a few weeks more, and Finders at WEL. 6655 will continue to take messages. Anthony Panting.

MATHS. for Matric, Inter., Rustemjee, 2 Carlingford Rd., N.W.3. HAM. 0210. 6 Rectory Avenue, High Wycombe. H.W. 1436.

CHILDREN a problem during holidays? Children's holidays on S.E. Coast during Aug. £4 15s. p.w. (Qual. personnel.) K. E. Hoy, 22 Kings Ave., Buckhurst Hill, Essex.

ENGLISH boys & girls (5-18 years) can meet young people from Europe and Overseas at Odam Hill School Summer Camp, July 29-September 16. Riding, swimming, in & outdoor competitions. R. A. & A. J. Falkner, B.A., S. Molton, Devon.

AUSTRIAN Tyrol (Dolomites Tour) starting July 26 and August 9. Salzkammergut (Vienna Tour) starting August 16. Partly air travel. Fortnight £32-£36 10s. incl. E.T.B. Tours, 154 Westbourne Grove, W.11.

JUAN Les Pins. Holidays in a private villa by the sea. Payment in sterling. French cuisine. Box 1209.

HOLIDAYS Abroad Individually arranged at shortest notice without fuss to anywhere accessible by air or surface routes. Write for brochure of suggestions or let us help you with your own. Dept. N.S., Fairways & Swinford (Travel), Ltd., Parliament Mansions, Abbey Orchard Street, London, S.W.1. Tel.: ABBey 2214/5.

SHORT Story Writing. Send 2½d. for "Stories that Sell To-day" (a special bulletin) and prospectus of world-famous course, Regent Institute (B/191), Palace Gate, W.8.

JUGOSLAV Holidays: Departure every Sat. 16 days £26 or £29 incl. Holiday Friendship Service, 445 Strand. Send S.A.E.

CHILDREN'S Holidays — Bournemouth. Our 4th Summer house-party for those aged 7-16: Aug./Sept. Illd. brochure: Junior Holidays N.S., 69 Wigmore St., W.1. LAN. 2959.

PSYCHOLOGIST. Phyllis Perlow, 69 Somerton Rd., N.W.2. GLA. 2400/1272.

HALL, Leic. Sq., with lscd. food counter. Meetings, socials. 11gns. evg. WHI. 3678.

PERSONAL—continued

DANISH Holiday—join a small party of professional people going to Danish seaside resort near Copenhagen, August 1-16, also a few vacancies in Austrian parties on July 19, 27 and in August. Erna Low, 47, Old Brompton Rd., S.W.7. KEN. 9225.

RIVER Week-end Party, July 11-14, at Wallingford. Bathing and boating from the hotel. Erna Low, 47 Old Brompton Rd., London, S.W.7. KEN. 9225.

WELL-KNOWN Artists' Agents wish to represent established and new writers of long or short fiction, non-fiction and specialised material. Artist Partners Ltd. (Literary Section), 9 Lower John St., London, W.1. GERrard 1157.

PHILIP HUMPHREYS. Psychologist, 69 Prince's Gate, South Kensington, S.W.7. Kensington 8042.

MONTHLY Salaries Loan Co., Ltd., 6 Chandos St., Cavendish Sq., W.1. LAN. 5714. Personal Loans from £30.

THE Central Board for Conscientious Objectors, 6 Endsleigh St., W.C.1, offers its advice on matters of conscience to those liable for National Service and to Reservists.

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OFFICE address, Westminster, S.W.1, available to association or firm, etc. Telephone. Letters forwarded. Box 1984.

PROPERTIES FOR SALE

PORTREE, Isle of Skye. For sale, part of premises situated in Wentworth Street, consisting of dwellinghouse and shop. The building is of two storeys and contains 2 public rooms, 6 bedrooms, kitchen, scullery and coal cellar. The shop, which is presently let, consists of one room. Burdens over whole property—assessed rental £36. Feu-duty £7. For further partics. & arrangements to view apply to Macdonald & Fraser, Solrs., Portree.

TUNBRIDGE Wells: Frhld. wing, own gdns. and share common amenities incldg. swimming pool, tnrs. bus ride stn. London 1 hr. Lvg. room 18 × 16, french windows to terrace with fine country views, mod. kitch. & fittings, dng. rm. 9 × 13, nursery 13 × 15, 3 Bedrms, Mod. Bthrm. All attractively decrtd. Real bargain £3,750 plus £75 p.a. for common serv. to incl. free maintenance, own garden. Box 2128.

CORNWALL. North Coast. Attractive detached freehold house, off beaten track, sunny and sheltered position overlooking sea, 2 sittingrooms, 3/5 bedrooms, bathroom/lavatory, Aga kitchen, 1 acre garden. Possession, £3,000. Box 2058.

NR. Chesham. Attractive cottage, freehold, 3 bed., 2 reception. Main water, elec., gas. Small studio, garage. Well-stocked garden about ½ acre. £3,500. Box 2100.

HOUSEBOAT on Thames. £600 or offer. 17 m. London; ideal wkends. Furnished. Cen. htg. Garden can be rented. Box 2122.

GLOS.-Wilts border, well-planned labour-saving attested dairy farm (160 acres), mod. residence, new cottages and buildings, main services, large mortgage at very low interest available. £20,000. Box 2224.

ACCOMMODATION VACANT AND WANTED

HOUSEHUNTING? Then read "The Homefinder." Over 1,000 houses advertised for sale in each issue. 9d. monthly from newsagents. By post 1s.: Homefinders Ltd. (N.S.), 42 Wool Exchange, London, E.C.2.

KENWYN Private Hotel, 29, West Cromwell Rd., S.W.5. Near Earls Court. H. & C. all rooms. Personal attention. Bed & breakfast from 12s. 6d. Other meals optional.

WEST Kensington: 3 small furnished flats available in modern buildings. Double bedroom, reception room, K. & B. 6gns. p.w. Another smaller, 4½gns. Box 2002.

TASTEFULLY furn. bed-sitting room, C.H., own telephone extension, use bath, garden; quiet flat. £2 10s. Box 1974.

SUNNY furn. room Mews flat near Marble Arch, suit business woman. Box 2166.

OFFD. share flat (1/2 rms. partly furn.), use kit., bathroom, roof gdn., c.h., c.h.w. W.11. Mutual non-interference. Box 2190.

PROFESSIONAL woman (30) offers share 4-roomed flat, W. 4, 6-10 mths., 15s. p.w., incl. heat, light. Own room. Box 2198.

ASHLEY Court, 7 Leinster Square, W.2. Phone BAY. 4253. Lux. serv. rooms, bed, breakfast, dinner optional. Moderate.

TO let, single & double divan-bed-sitting rooms with partial board. Terms mod. Phone MAI. 4154 or call 98 Maida Vale.

ACCOM. central, partial board, from 3½gns. single, 6gns. dble. Tel.: MAI. 1787.

FURNISHED flat. N.W.8. Two large rooms. Kitchen. Bath. C.h.w. Vacant possession August/January. 3gns. Box 2223.

COMF. lge. sgle. bed-sit. rm. Golders Gn., close Tube, c.h.w., tel. Box 2134.

TO Let Aug. Comf. furn. ho., sleep 4/5. Lvly. gdn. Tel. Con. h.w. Refs. Box 2135.

ACCOMMODATION—continued

HAMPSTEAD. Large beautiful double room, furnished. Gnd. flr. 3gns. Also, later, flat nr. Highgate, 4½gns. Box 1978.

ACCOM. available in Hostel July 16 to August 11 and Sept. 4-17. Pleasant surroundings, gardens, easy access to West End. Home comforts. Apply early: Warden, 18 St. John's Wood Park, London, N.W.8.

TO let Westminster, bed-sit.-rm., use kit. & bath. Incl. heat, laundry, cleaning; 65s. p.w. Phone TAT. 8510 after 6 p.m.

CAMPDEN Hill area. Furn. bed-sit. rooms from 2½gns. sgle., 3½gns. dble. incl. light/baths/linen/service/clg. facils. PARK 8569.

LARGE house to share. Telephone: Lee 4704.

TO let. Pleasant large and small room. Progressive Jewish home. All conss., moderate. Young people preferred. FIN. 1303.

GOLDERS Green. Newly furnished double & single bedrooms in quiet private home. Near buses and tube. Speedwell 3655.

HIGHGATE ponds, self-contained flat, large garden. August only, suit family 2/3 children. MOUntview 2838 or Box 2121.

NR. Baker St., overlooking Park. Dble. divan bed-sitting room. AMB. 3326.

LONDON. Superior guest house. 27 Philbeach Gdns., Earls Court, S.W.5. Tel. Fro. 7579. Bed and Breakfast, 15s.

FURN. flat to let, S.W.1, for 5 months from now—2 rooms, bathroom, kit. Tel. 6gns. p.w. 'Phone Vic 1931 mornings.

LONDON, N.10. Fur. hse. to let during Aug. Accom. 5/6. 6½gns. Box 2165.

FREE board lodging, beautiful surroundings, 4 miles Oxford, offered from October in return for limited chauffeuring, evening help with two children (11, 6). Box 2105.

BRISTOL, near Downs and University, four-roomed s.c. flat to let, controlled rent. Box 2130.

CARAVAN to let; luxury 4-berth; 18ft. end kitch., piped water; private secluded site S. Herts. farm, 20 mls. London. July 27-Aug. 30. £17 or 4gns. wk. Box 2159.

£65 o.n.o. Roomy 4-wheel caravan on private site nr. Steyning. Some equipment incl. Elsan, hut, oil cookers. Box 1909.

FLATS furn.: July, Sept., £5 wkly. Glenny, "Annaville," Warrenpoint, Co. Down.

SOCIALIST couple, quiet, 30, want unfurn. flat/rooms with kitchen. London area. Occ. baby sitting offered. Box 2083.

YNG. designer shs. unf. rm. for studio-bed. sit. Pleasant distr. London. Box 1830.

BUSINESS man and Doctor req. 2/3 room furn. flat or sep. bed/sits. St. John's Wood, N.W., or thereabouts. Box 2187.

WANTED unfur. flat/msnette, min. 3/4 rms., K. & B., max. rent £200 incl., or sm. hse., cent. London/accessible. Box 2084.

BUSINESS woman—student reqs. furn. bed-sitting room, kitchenette, service, mid-Aug. perm. N.W.3, 6, 8, 1. Box 2101.

S/C. flat, hse., sleep 2½, Central London, reqd. 1st 2 wks. Aug. Box 2210.

WOMAN, teaching N.W.6 day, studying U. of L. evenings, reqs. clean, cheap room/rooms as unfurn. as poss. Box 2197.

2 PROF. women req. unfurn. flat Sept. cent. London. Mod. rent essent. Box 2161.

M.A. (Cantab.) marrying Aug. urg. reqs. accom. London; s/c unfurn. prefer, but not essential. Ridley, 264 Trinity Rd., S.W.18.

WTD. Oxford, Aug. 15-30: Sgle. furn. flat. Every care. Ref. given. Box 2211.

YOUNG N.Z. couple on Research Schol. seek lease 1 year small furn. cottage or part pref. within 50 mls. Oxford. Box 1950.

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FOR cool and lasting smoking pleasure, Tom Long's the choice to sweeten leisure.

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THE Continental Club for conversation and tuition in foreign languages every Tuesday evening from 8 p.m. 15 Baker St., W.1. Enquiries Secretary, CUN. 8857.

ENTERTAINMENTS

ARTS. Tem. 3334. Last 2 days at 5 & 8. "Hobson's Choice." Mem. 5s. 3rly.

MERCURY. Par. 5700. From July 7. Evgs. 8 p.m.; Sat. Matinee 5 p.m. Robert Eddison in "World Behind Your Back."

UNITY. EUS 5391. "Barrier Across Europe." Weds. to Suns. 7.30. Mems. (Sub. 2s. 6d. p.a.).

IRVING. Whi. 8657. Evs. ex. Mon., 7.30. Sun. 6.0. Israeli Play "They'll Arrive Tomorrow," by Natan Shaham. Mems. 5s. yr.

IRVING. Whi. 8657. 12 perfs. only from Tu., July 8. First Anniversary Cabaret with with Walter Crisham, Shani Wallis, Cy Grant and Betty Marsden. Ronnie Stevens, Leslie Crowther. Evs. 10.30 (ex. Mon.). Sun. 9. Mems. 5s.

EVERYMAN. Ham. 1525. Until July 6: Jean Gabin, Isa Miranda, in "Au Dela Des Grilles" (A). From July 7: Charles Trenet and Pierre Brasseur in "Adieu Leonard!" (A).

PEOPLE'S Palace. Adv. 3331. Sun., July 6, 7.30. "Ma Pomme" (A (French).

ROYAL Festival Hall. Tuesday next, July 8 at 8.00. The Society for XXth Century Music presents: Dr. Edith Sitwell, Hedli Anderson, Peter Stadlen, Walter Lear, Alexander Young, Peter Racine Fricker & George Weldon with the Chamber Ensemble of The London Symphony Orchestra in works by: Arnold Schoenberg ("Pierrot Lunaire"), Jacques Ibert, Peter Racine Fricker & William Walton ("Façade," with Dr. Edith Sitwell in her original part). Tkts. 10s., 7s. 6d., 5s., 3s. 6d. & 2s. 6d. from Royal Festival Hall, WATerloo 3191, the usual agents & Chappell's, 50 New Bond Street, W.1. MAYfair 7600.

DANCE organised by Central London Fabian Society, Sat., July 5, 7.30-11 p.m. at Artworkers' Guildhall, 6 Queen Square, W.C.1. Admission 4s. at door.

BANDI'S Continental Dancing Club. Saturdays and Sundays, 8-11.30. 160a Westbourne Grove, W.2.

A GARDEN Party, organised by the Isobel Cripps Association, will be held at the Centre, 18 Lansdowne Rd., Holland Park (two mins. Holl. Park Tube), on Saturday, July 19, at 3 p.m. Activities will include brief interviews with teachers at nominal fees, demonstrations and films on work of Centre. Stalls, Competitions, Punch & Judy, etc. Light Refreshments. No Entrance Fee.

EXHIBITIONS

GANYMED Facsimiles & Turnstile Prints on show daily, 11 Great Turnstile, W.C.1 (N.E. Corner of Lincoln's Inn Fields). Catalogue with Supplement 6d. post free.

HANOVER Gallery, 32A St. George St., W.1. Paintings 1918-1930 by Jean Metzinger. New Sculpture, Paintings and Drawings by Giacometti, Moore, Marini and Manzu. Until August 2.

LEFEVRE Gallery, 30 Bruton Street, W.1. French Masters of the 19th and 20th centurs. Daily 10-5.30. Sats. 10-1.

RECENT trends in Realist Paintings. I.C.A. Gallery, 17 Dover St., W.1, until Aug. 2. Wkdys. 10-6, Sun. 2-6. 1s. Membs. free.

ROLAND, Browse and Delbanco, 19 Cork Street, W.1. "Expressionist Painting." Closing date, July 12.

15 NEW Zealand painters. Irving Galleries, 17 Irving St., Leics. Sq., W.C.2. Until July 19. Mon.-Fri., 9.30-5; Sats. 9.30-12.

MATTHIESEN Gallery: Important Impressionist and Post-Impressionist Exhibition at 142 New Bond Street, W.1. Daily 10-5.30. Sat. 10-1. Until July 25.

HAMPSTEAD Artists' Council. A selection of Lithographs, Lino Cuts and Silk Screen Pictures on the 2nd floor at Heal & Son, 196 Tottenham Court Road, W.1.

GIMPEL Fils, 50 South Molton St., W.1. Recent Mobiles by Lynn Chadwick, and Paintings by Roger Hilton.

HEAL'S Top-floor Flat. Furniture for present-day needs on view on 4th flr. Heal & Son, 196 Tottenham Ct. Rd., W.1.

A.I.A. Gallery, 15 Lisle St., Leicester Sq. Summer Exhibition—Paintings & Sculpture. Daily 11-6, inc. Saturdays.

IVEAGH Bequest, Kenwood. Hunterian Collection lent by the University, Glasgow. Adm. free. Wkdys. 10-6. Sun. 2.30-6. 210 bus from Archway or Golders Grn. Undergd.

REDFERN Gallery, 20 Cork St., W.1. Summer Exhibition, English and French Paintings, Drawings and Prints. Hours 10-6. Sat. 10-1 p.m. Closes August 31.

BRIGHTON. The Royal Pavilion will be closed from the evening of Wednesday, July 2, for the preparation of a full-scale Regency Exhibition opening on Saturday, July 12.

GALERIE Apollinaire, 3 Litchfield St., W.C.2. Sculpture by Ruth Windmiller. July 2-15. 11 a.m.-7 p.m., Sats. included.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

TO all Labour Parties: Abingdon Constituency Labour Party will hold their Annual Fete and Rally at Buscot Park, Faringdon, on Monday, Aug. 4 (by kind permission of Lord Faringdon). Reserve this date for a day out for your members. For further details apply Agent, 27 High Street, Abingdon, Berks.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS—continued

ASIAN Students' Conference to consider Problems of Education in Asia at Caxton Hall, S.W.1, on Fri., July 11, 11 a.m.-10 p.m. and Sat., July 12, 2.30 p.m.-6.30 p.m. Speakers from many Asian countries. All welcome. Apply for Delegate cards. Also: Asian Concert of Music, Dances and Songs, Caxton Hall, July 12, 7.45 p.m., to celebrate the conclusion of the Historical Conference. For parties apply 42 Montrose Ave., N.W.6.

ALL Nations Social Club. "The Colour Bar," by R. W. Sorensen, M.P. Question and discussion. Thursday, July 10, 8 p.m., at Great Cumberland Hall, Bryanston St., Marble Arch, W.1 (behind Cumberland Hotel). Non-members 1s. 6d. at door.

PROFESSOR H. H. Price, of New College, Oxford, addresses a general meeting of the Society for Psychical Research on "Survival and the Idea of 'Another World'" at 8 p.m. on Wednesday, July 16, at the Caxton Hall, Caxton St., S.W.1. Open to the public. Admittance free.

TEACHERS for Peace. "The Threat of Modern War to Human Values." Spkrs.: Mrs. S. O. Davies, Reginald Thompson (War Corresp., Korea). Also film. In Denison Hse., Vauxhall Br. Rd., 7 p.m. Wed., July 9.

EMRYS Hughes, M.P., Victor Yates, M.P., Ale Comfort, Stuart Morris, Sybil Morrison, Mona Benton, Robert Horniman, Sam Walsh in Trafalgar Square, Sunday, July 6, 3 p.m. "Britain—Bridge or Battlefield." Organised by Peace Pledge Union, 6 Endsleigh Street, W.C.1. EUS. 5501.

JUST Back from Poland—Delegates, including London trolleybus driver Mr. Bert Churchman and Vice-Chairman British Peace Committee Mrs. M. Toms, will give first-hand account of what life is like and how plans are developing in Poland to-day. Come and ask them questions. All welcome. Refreshments. Fri., July 4, 7.45. British-Polish Friendship Soc., 81 Portland Pl., W.1.

HAMPSTEAD Town Hall. Friday, July 4, 8 p.m. Forum: "Commonwealth Students in Hampstead." Chairman: Mayor of Hampstead. Speakers: Henry Brooke, M.P.; Anyah Angadi, India; R. A. Close, British Council; Dr. S. D. Cudjoe, W. Africa; Dr. Marcus James, W. Indies; John Wilson, Inst. of Education. Questions to "Borough Forum," Town Hall, Hampstead, N.W.3. Demonstration of Gold Coast Traditional Music (W. African Arts Club).

LONDON Jewish Graduates' Assoc., Mon., July 7, D. N. Pritt, Q.C., on "The Problems of Peace." Arts Theatre Club, 5/6 Gt. Newport St., W.C.2, at 8. Visitors 2s.

WEST African Students' Union, 11 Chelsea Embankment, S.W.3, July 6: Sun. Tea Club 3.30. Miss Jennie Lee M.P., "Equality of the Sexes—What it Means." Tea 6d.

SOUTH Place Ethical Society, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1. Sunday Mornings at 11 o'clock. Jul. 6, Archibald Robertson, M.A., "The Choice of Life or Death. Questions after lecture. Admission free. Friday, July 11, at 7.15 p.m., Junior Debating Group. Speaker: Dr. R. Doll, "A Doctor's Attitude to Some Ethical Problems."

THE Linguists' Club, 20 Grosvenor Place, S.W.1. July 12 at 6 p.m. Herr W. Longerich: "Mein erster Tag in London."

LEONARDO da Vinci, 500th Anniversary Celebration meeting: Leonardo, the artist, Leonardo, the scientist; Readings from his Notebooks (Prof. J. D. Bernal, Patrick Carpenter, Walter Hudd and others). Exhibition, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., Thurs., July 10, 8 p.m. Tickets at door or fr. British Peace Cttee., 81 City Rd., E.C.1.

CENTRAL London Fabian Society, Tuesday, July 8, 7.30 p.m., St. Anne's House, 57 Dean St., W.1. "A Socialist Policy for Agriculture." H. D. Walston. Adm. 2s.

CENTRAL London Fabian Society Summer Outing, Sunday, July 13, from Maidenhead to Marlow by river steamer. Full cost 12s. 6d. For particulars apply: Miss Barbara Laslett, 50 George St., W.1.

YOUTH House, 250 Camden Rd., N.W.1. Mondays at 7.30 p.m. July 7: Arthur Clegg: Peoples' Movements in the Far East.

EXPRESSIONIST Painting. Dr. H. Roland will open Discussion at Ben Uri Gallery, 14 Pottery St., W.1, on Wednesday, July 9, at 8 p.m. Unseen illustrations. Visitors 2s.

BUDDHIST Society, Public Lecture, Wed., July 9, 6 p.m. Caxton Hall, S.W.1. Symposium: Buddhism and World Religion. Principal Speaker: U Maung Maung Jr., M.A. (Cantab.).

H. J. BLACKHAM: "Can Rationalist be Rationalists?" At the Ethical Church, 4a Inverness Pl., W.2. Sun., July 6, 11 a.m.

RAMAKRISHNA Vedanta Centre (68 Delcoe Ave., Muswell Hill, N.10): Meditation & Gita at the Centre every Sunday 5.30 p.m. Swami Ghanananda, Kingsway Hall, Thurs., July 10, 7.30 p.m. "Indian Thought—Its Influence." All welcome. (New lecture series begins Sept. 18.)

THEOSOPHY. Public Lectures, Sundays, 8 p.m. United Lodge of Theosophists, 62 Queen's Gardens, London, W.2. (5 mins. from Paddington Stn. or Lancaster Gate Stn.). All welcome. July 6: "Theosophy's Teachings on Science."

LECTURE COURSES AND SPECIALISED TRAINING

WHO is my Neighbour? Series of Addresses on Christian Responsibility in regard to World Development. Tues., July 8, Sir Richard Acland, M.P.—The Way on West Tues., July 15, Prof. Jussie de Castro (Chairman of Council of the F.A.O.)—The Work of the United Nations Organisation. Thurs., July 17, Lady Megan Lloyd-George, J.P.—The Women and Children of the World. St. Paul's Cathedral at 6 p.m.

URCHFONT Manor. Selected Courses July 25-31: "A Box of Books." Six great novels which illuminate various aspects of the Victorian social scene. August 8-10: "Music Appreciation." Mr. Eric Hodges, of the University of South Wales, will analyse the Concertos. Autumn programmes will be sent on application to the Warden (A. Urchfont Manor, Devizes. Tel.: Lavington 3161.

FIRST International Congress on Humanism, Amsterdam, Aug. 21-26. Persons and organisations are invited to participate. Details Ethical Union, 4a Inverness Pl., W.2.

EXPERIMENTAL Painting and Modelling week-end at Bratters Park, Ipsden, Oxon, both for those who can and for those who think they can't but would like to, July 18-21.

LEARN Languages without Translation. The Pelman Linguistics Institute teaches French, German, Spanish, Italian without the use of English; the method is explained in four little books, one for each language; write for book and specimen lessons, sent gratis, post free. (Reduced fees for serving and ex-Service members of H.M. Forces.) Pelman Language Institute, 67 Norfolk Mansions, Wigmore St., London, W.1.

LANGUAGE Tuition Centre, 10 Portman St., W.1. Tel.: Mayfair 4640-3505. All Foreign Languages taught in day and evening classes; or private lessons; beginners and all grades. English for Foreign Nationals. 63 Oxford St., W.1. Tel.: Gerrard 8511-2. Intensive daily classes and preparation for Cambridge Univ. Certificates; short or long Courses; enrolment daily. Prospectus free.

ADMINISTRATIVE and Secretarial Training. Expert advice on careers. Individual care. Good posts found for all qualified students. Courses for Political, Hospital, Hotel and Library work; Journalism, Advertising, Languages and Foreign Shorthands and in Management. Special arrangements for graduates. Scholarships available. Resident and day students accepted. Social amenities. Apply to J. W. Loveridge, M.A. (Cantab.), St. Godric's Secretarial College, 2 Arkwright Road, N.W.3. Ham. 5946.

POSTAL tuition for Gen. Cert. of Educn. (Lond., Oxf., Camb., Nottingham); London B.A., B.Sc., B.Sc.Econ., LL.B., B.D., Degrees; Law Exams., etc. Low fees. Prospectus from C. D. Parker, M.A., LL.D., Dept. VH92, Wolsey Hall, Oxford (Est. 1894).

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SUMMER SCHOOLS

FABIAN Summer Schools throughout August, 1952: 2-9: Hope, Derbyshire. 9-16: Beatrice Webb House, Dorking. 16-23: Kingsgate College, Broadstairs. 23-30: Frensham Heights, Farnham. Particulars from 11 Dartmouth Street, S.W.1.

BRAZIERS Park, Ipsden, Oxon. July 29-Aug. 12: International Seminar; leader Dr. C. Gattegno. 1st week, Education for service v. education for leadership. 2nd week, The British culture. Aug. 15-29: Sensory Summer School. Freedom and the discipline of reality. Full details from Secretary.

DRAMA Schools. Christchurch Studio Theatre, Regents Pk., London. Day: July 28—Aug. 8, £3 3s. Evening: Aug. 11-22, £4 4s. Acting Technique, Speech, Mime, Movement, Make-up, Production, etc. Registrar, Mrs. M. Medd, Heathdene, Oxford, Kent.

HOUSE Party Holidays for professional people from Britain and abroad. Spend your next holiday at an informal Country House Party in Sussex by the sea or near Windsor Forest, July 25-August 30. All facilities for sports, excursions, foreign language practice and dancing. The cost is very reasonable. Also week-end parties in July and August. Details from Erna Low, 47 Old Brompton Road, London, S.W.7. KEN. 0011.

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BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS

"HISTORY To-day," a brilliantly written and richly illustrated monthly magazine helps to give the general reader an intelligent appreciation of History—essential to the understanding of present world trends. Price 2s. 6d. from newsagents, booksellers, or 30s. p.a. from HTI, History To-day, 72 Coleman St., E.C.2. Specimen copy on request.

"THE Nation," America's Leading Liberal Weekly. Subscriptions £2 16s. 3d. yearly, may be sent through the Publisher, N.S. & N., 10 Great Turnstile, London W.C.1. Specimen copy on request.

MANDRAKE 8 now ready, contains Poems by Alberti and Eleven Important New American Poets. Essays by Angus Davidson on Moravia & A. A. Hurley on Montherlant. Fiction by Pa Chin, Reviews, etc. 80pp. 2s. 6d. fr. 44 Chalmsley Gdns, London, N.W.6.

"THE Cambridge Journal"—a monthly review of Literature, Economics, History, Philosophy, Politics, etc., edited by Michael Oakeshott, Denis Brogan, C. W. Guillebaud, Michael Postan, Basil Willey and T. F. D. Williams. July issue now ready. Of all booksellers, 3s. net (30s. p.a.).

"PASTEURISED Milk: A National Menace," 7d.; Kinnaird Clinic, Edinburgh 9.

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